







Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/fieldathome07>

The Field At Home



S.O.S

CATHOLIC



NATIONAL

SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"Surely the Lord has inspired this foundation . . . The prospect of the 'Sisters of Service' comes as a ray of light and a beam of hope."

✠ TIMOTHY CASEY,
Archbishop of Vancouver.

"Happy was the inspiration that led to the foundation of the new Sisterhood of the 'Sisters of Service,' whose specific work will be the most abandoned souls, particularly throughout our Western Provinces."

✠ O. E. MATHIEU,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

I congratulate the League on the nation-wide benefit it has brought to the Church by financing the Sisters of Service. This is an effort to assist Catholic immigrants in their spiritual needs to make them feel that

the Church in Canada welcomes them, and to aid them in their efforts to become Canadian citizens."
—*Archbishop McNeil, in the Canadian League, January, 1927.*

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work." *The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." *Government House. SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Quebec, August 22, 1923.*

"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

THE FIELD AT HOME

CATHOLIC NATIONAL SISTERS OF SERVICE EDITORIAL



A Christmas Message

To our Friends and Benefactors:—

THE bells of Christmas, how joyously they sound in the cold midnight air! What sweet memories of the past they awaken in the heart! What holy thoughts of Bethlehem and Crib fill the mind! The sweetest mystery of our Christian Faith comes home to us as a living reality on this night of nights. Even the busy world, which has for the most part ceased to believe in Christ and His doctrines, stops its turmoil, and allows that peace which the Christmas bells proclaim to take hold of it for one brief moment.

Bells of Peace! Christmas is the birthday of the Prince of Peace. "Peace on earth to men of goodwill" the angels sang on the first Christmas night, and to you one and all, dear friends, we wish the peace of God which surpasseth understanding—peace in your homes, peace in your hearts.

Joyful bells! "Fear not, says the angel, for, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." So at this blessed Christmastide we pray that the Christ Child may flood your hearts with joy.

Bells of love! They ring out over a white world proclaiming the old, old story, ever new, that a God of love is born in a stable of Bethlehem. May love, like a beacon light, burn in your hearts this Christmas, and throughout the year — Love of God, and love of man.

"May He who gave the Gift of gifts,
The Prince of Peace, to men,
Whose star on that first Christmas Eve
Shone down on Bethlehem,
Grant you the gift of joy and peace
In most abundant store,
And bless for you and yours, dear Friend,
The days that lie before!"

Sisters of Service.

TO ALL WE WISH THE BLESSINGS OF THIS HOLY SEASON.

“If—?” in 1980

IF— is, in every language, a tragic monosyllable around which revolve unrealized dreams, shattered hopes, unexplained failures, empty lives and unaccountable disasters. “*What should have been—*” is often the matter of life-long sorrows. Even in Heaven, were regret there possible, our hearts would go on repeating: “Oh, if I had only loved Him more sincerely, if only I had served Him more faithfully!” In Hell that one word “If” assuredly constitutes the inclusive vocabulary of the damned, and remains the source of their ever renascent remorse and despair.

The history of the Church rests also on contingencies which at times affect profoundly her progress. Necessarily her future is always involved in the present. *If* at critical periods bold leadership had asserted itself and aggressive policies been adopted how different would some chapters of her history now read. The divine in the Church works through the human. And that the divine ultimately triumphs, notwithstanding the weakness of the human is the abiding proof of the indwelling spirit promised to the Spouse of Christ until the end of time.

When in the year 1980 the Catholic historian shall write the history of the Church in Canada covering the first decades of the present century he will be forced to admit the great leakage that has occurred among our “should be” Catholic immigrants. But what will be his unbiased judgment and dispassionate verdict on the causes of these losses? A speculative examination of a historical cross section of our times should be of the highest interest to us all, for *we* are now the makers of that history which will be our judge. May be this chapter of the Canadian Church History to be written in 1980 will, viewed in the light of present-day facts, run as follows:

The latter part of the nineteenth century, and the first decades of the twentieth witnessed great changes in the life of the Church in Canada. The tide of immigration was running strong. Between 1900 and 1914 over three million came to our Dominion and settled particularly in the Western Provinces. A large percentage of these immigrants were Catholics. The complexion of this newly opened country changed over night. Cities and towns sprung up; railroads were built; barren stretches blossomed into fertile prairies—a new Dominion was born in the “unpopulated spaciousness” beyond our Great Lakes. A century has now passed and what, may we ask, has become of those numerous Catholic settlers who built their homes in our midst. To what extent has the Church in

Canada benefitted by this intense Catholic immigration from other lands? Our losses, we must admit, have been very heavy, and the causes to which we may trace them are numerous.

Undoubtedly a great part of the burden of these losses rests on the shoulders of the immigrant Catholics themselves. Mass migration generally comes from the lower strata of society where people are often creatures of environment. Uprooted from their congenial soil they adapt themselves with difficulty to their new life, absorbing very often the destructive elements it may offer. The lack of instruction in matters of faith is also highly responsible for these deficiencies.

Yet the religious attitude of the Catholic immigrant depended also largely on the contact the Church has had with him. Was our contact always a saving one—one of protection and education? Undoubtedly *If* the Catholics of Canada had more fully realized their responsibilities to the Church at large; *If* the protection and preservation of the Faith of these hundreds of thousands of Catholics which the irresistible tide of immigration had washed on our shores had been our constant and assiduous preoccupation; *If* we had not shown ourselves indifferent to these poor people because they did not speak our language, and had customs which were not our own; *If* the supreme interests of Catholicism had not been at times *sub specie boni*, entangled with the claims of an unsound nationalism; *If* less involved in parochial and diocesan interests the Catholics throughout the Dominion had better divided their resources of men and money to come to the rescue of the struggling Church in the West; *If* at times, after futile efforts, considering the task as hopeless, they had not left our people a prey to the zeal and energy of a proselytizing enemy; *If* watching his strategy they had met him in the “Field” dollar for dollar, man for man; *If* carried away “by the pride of education and possession” they had placed the strength and beauty of the Church of God in the upbuilding of souls and less in stately temples and magnificent institutions; *If* the wealthy Catholics of the day instead of frittering away their wealth in the pursuits of society had consecrated at least a substantial part of it to the expansion of the Church in our great mission Field; *If*, in one word, they had cared more for that precious legacy of the Faith, which had come down to some of these new-Canadians through fifteen centuries of Christianity, it would not have been lost in one generation in this new land of their adoption.

And *If* these “should be” Catholics had kept

WE BUILD THE FUTURE TODAY.

their Faith what a power it would mean to the Church of to-day. Their children, and the children of their children would be standing with us shoulder to shoulder in the thick of present day battles. Holy Mother Church would not be like Rachel of old "weeping because her children are not," and a brighter page of Catholic history could be now written.

Catholic Canadians, shall this be the painful page of history our grandchildren and great grandchildren will have to read? This is a challenge of the future to the present. It is up to us to answer; for we are now writing that History of the Church. To all serious minded and far-seeing Canadian Catholics this should be the object of their greatest concern.

G. DALY, C.S.S.R.

MARY'S BABY

"Joseph mild and noble bent above the straw:
A pale girl, a frail girl, wondering he saw,
'O my love, my Mary, my bride, I pity thee.'
'Nay dear,' said Mary, 'All is well with me.'
'Baby, my Baby, O my Babe,' she sang,
Suddenly the golden night all with music rang.

Angels leading shepherds, shepherds leading sheep:

The silence of worship broke the Mother's sleep.
All the meek and lowly of the world were there,
Smilingly she showed them that her Child was fair,
'Baby, my Baby,' kissing Him she said;
Suddenly a flaming star through the heavens sped.

Three old men and weary knelt them side by side,
The world's wealth forswearing, majesty and pride,
Worldly might and wisdom before the Babe bent low.

Weeping, Maid Mary said: 'I love him so!
Baby, my Baby,' and the Baby slept.
Suddenly on Calvary all the olives wept."

—Shaemas O. Sheel.

The Field At Home

A quarterly publication in aid of the missionary work of the Sisters of Service

2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

Subscription rate - - - \$1.00 per year

"TO BE KIND IS BETTER THAN TO RAISE UP THE DEAD."—(St. Chrysostom).

Well Done!

*Kindly words with a Christ-like touch,
They cost so little, they mean so much.*

LOOKING back, it is easy to discern, that among the people we have known, those who never held back their little meed of praise when we stood deserving—and indeed often when we did not—were ever the ones whose influence on our lives was the strongest for good.

It was *their* "Well done," *their* faith in us, sometimes even in face of failure, that sent us speeding up life's hill with lightened step, and joyous heart. Imparting to us often the courage to lift our weary eyes from the mire below to where the blue sky shone overhead, and the lark went singing. Oh, those little words, they are a great incentive to achievement and happiness, worth more than a million grumbles.

Up on life's hilltop the dawn of another glad year will soon be breaking. Around us everywhere on the road are souls—souls more cherished perhaps than life itself, or souls, very dear to God, entrusted to our care. Think you, would an encouraging word of ours mean anything to them? Always we are so occupied with mundane affairs that we tend to let them swamp our finer feelings, and make us forget the beautiful duty that is ours, of encouraging others.

Whatever our sphere in life, around us there must be some soul, possibly many to whom our "Well done," or some other such word of appreciation, would come as a glad surprise. Let us say it *now*, before the year closes. Next year such may not be in our power.

In the days that lie ahead, shall we not try to use every opportunity of saying the word that will bring with it comfort and encouragement. It will reflect itself in our own lives, and make our year a happy one. Then, too, let us hope that when the top of the Hill is reached, and the last milestone of the years lies far behind, the gentle Christ, He who would not so much as crush the bruised reed, whose human personality ever radiated encouragement will be there to welcome us. May the first words we hear from His dear Lips be those glorified ones: "Well done."

SR. P. McCONWAY, S.O.S.

A CHRISTMAS BENISON

The peace of God surpassing ken,
The peace of old proclaimed by angel host,
The peace of Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Abide with you for ever.

—Bishop MacDonald.

Notes and Comments

THE C.S.M.C. GATHERING IN TORONTO

On October 11th, the Catholic Students Mission Crusade met in Toronto for their annual rally. It was an inspiring sight to see the young Crusaders of our City assembled in the Cathedral for their yearly vigil before the altar. Assuredly this movement that has in recent years taken such hold on the Catholic Student body throughout the world promises great things for the future. If the youth in our colleges, convents and universities are becoming more Mission minded, what interest will they not show in the Catholic Missions when tomorrow they take their places in the world. To the Catholic Student Mission Crusade we wish every success during the coming year.

MISSION AND SCHOOL ATMOSPHERE

Missions are a contributing factor in giving the Catholic school its distinctively and pronouncedly religious atmosphere. The following is a quotation from a recent paper in "America" by Rev. Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J. Incidentally, it suggests the reason why an occasional address by a missionary should be welcomed by school authorities:

"Our college students are aroused by the entrancing narrative of a visiting missionary bishop or priest. Youthful admiration is inflamed for the heroic sacrifices so often demanded of him or her who gives up father and mother, brother and sister, country and comparative luxury for Christ's sake. Appreciation of and zeal for one's own faith are naturally and supernaturally, we may hope, aroused in consequence. Vocations are known to have been thus initiated or developed. Always a generous financial support is forthcoming from the students, though not infrequently this entails the sacrifice of such money, or curtails the weekly allowance for pleasure. The heart has been touched and doubtless, the force of the syllogism drawn from the moral argument for the spread of Christianity has flashed more clearly and convincingly before the mind of the Catholic college student.

"Need I add that all this, while not detracting from the academic

efficiency of our colleges, is lacking in the non-Catholic institution of higher learning?"—Catholic Mission News.

ROBBING PROSPERITY

Each generation lives on the savings of the past. Eight out of ten of us are living in houses built before we were born. Our food comes from land cleared and cultivated for us by generations that have passed away. Our clothes are made in factories and by machinery provided by our grandfathers. Our cities and most of our public amenities were made by people to whom economy was something in the nature of religion. The obligation of each generation is to maintain and improve the heritage of the past, and, so far as may be, add to it Many of the things we are doing to-day will not stand examination from this point of view. We are all engaged in robbing the rest, and we do it in the name of public policy.

—Sir Ernest Benn in London Sunday Times.

WHAT WILL 1931 BRING?

The fear is being expressed in view of continued hard times that the level of missionary almsgiving maintained in other years will in 1931 be considerably lower. A certain kind of diffidence is part of the wise man's equipment, but there is a species of fear that inevitably spells defeat and disaster. Giving way to the feeling "it can't be done" has lost many a battle before it was fought.

Our workers in the Mission cause should be on their guard against this spirit of "defeatism." After all, the Missions depend far less on the large offerings of the rich, who may have sustained heavy paper losses on Wall Street, than on the smaller offerings of the average Catholic who is not affected by the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange. Should the feeling come to mind that we cannot help the Missions during the coming year, let it be overcome by the thought that times are harder than ever in the missions. The alms you give does not represent luxury or even creature comforts for the missionary priest or sister, but their very means of carrying on.

EARTHLY TREASURES ARE PASSING TREASURES.

ST. JOSEPH'S RUTHENIAN COLLEGE, YORKTON, SASK.

The College in its short existence can justly claim that it is fulfilling the dreams of its founders. Twelve of its graduates have entered seminaries; three of these have already been ordained priests. Seventeen have entered the religious life, and fifty-three are now teachers among their own people. Two of the graduates are professors on university staffs one in Saskatchewan, and one in Manitoba. Some have graduated in secular professions. Others are continuing their studies in the universities. Again, others have returned to their farm houses, well qualified to carry on as social leaders and organizers. Such a wonderful record speaks for itself, and we can only add, "Well done!" St. Joseph's College, Yorkton, is in charge of the Christian Brothers.

A SILVER JUBILEE

The Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States celebrates this year its silver Jubilee. The anniversary is surely worthy of notice, for we may say that the Missionary movement in the United States may in a large degree be traced to the activities of the Extension Society. It has been said that this Society transformed the United States from a Mission country to a Missionary nation. Its message awakened the interest of the Catholic people in the Home Mission field and once the divine spark of this missionary spirit had enlightened the minds and inflamed the heart, it was but natural that the fire of apostolic endeavour should spread to the field afar.

It is therefore with pleasure and gratitude that we hail the silver jubilee of the Catholic Church Extension Society. We remember with what enthusiasm we read the first copies of its then quarterly magazine. The methods it advocated for the forwarding the Kingdom of Christ caught our fancy, and through these twenty-five years we followed with joy its continued progress. The Hand of God is surely in this work.

PRAYERS FOR RUSSIA.

By order of the Holy Father the prayers recited by Priest and people after low Mass for the restoration of the civil independence of the Holy See are in future to have for their main intention the Salvation of Russia. Intercession will be made to God to free this country from the terrible evils that are afflicting it.



"I have come to serve"

AT HEADQUARTERS

in honour of Our Blessed Mother and to beg her intercession in obtaining vocations not only to the Sisters of Service but to the Priesthood and Religious Life throughout the entire world. May their prayers and sacrifices in this great cause bear abundant fruit.

Knights of the Road.

This rather original title might aptly describe the labours of our Sisters as they go out to the various districts speaking and telling of the work of the S.O.S. Being privileged to be present at a recent Convention of the Catholic Women's League held at Oshawa, one could not help but be delighted at the deep interest shown in our work, and further the great desire to help with it. At the end of the meeting which one of the Sisters recently addressed, a proposal was made and unanimously carried to organize a provision shower, while a plea for used clothes, magazines and toys for the poor on the Missions met with approval. It is not so much the giving that is appreciated as the earnest desire to help. It shows that just as we feel the work of the Catholic Women's League to be ours, so our work is theirs. This was proved, too, by the hearty welcome offered at the Pembroke Convention, held at Renfrew, which Sister Meade also addressed. It is kindly co-operation such as this which helps, and for which we wish to offer our sincerest thanks.

Vote of Thanks.

At this, the close of the year, may we offer our most sincere thanks to the following: Rt. Reverend Alex. MacDonald, Very Reverend Wm. Hingston, S.J., Reverend Fr. Haley, Reverend Fr. Clare,

Reverend Fr. Stroh, C.S.S.R., and Reverend Fr. Ronan, all of whom have rendered valuable services to our little community.

Facing Westwards.

Since our last number of The Field at Home three S.O.S. missionaries have turned their faces Westwards. On September 14th, Sister Margaret Morgan left for Edmonton Catechetical House, and November 19th saw the departure of Sister Mary Mitton and Sister Mary Morgan. The former goes to Vancouver, the latter to Winnipeg. To these three Sisters we wish Godspeed, and many years of fruitful labour in the Master's Vineyard.

The S.O.S. in South Africa?

The idea of the S.O.S. in South Africa seems like a distant dream, but the possibility of a reality was brought home to us vividly by a letter we received a short time ago from a girl residing in Pretoria, who had seen a short account of our work in a South African Catholic paper. She writes: "A very short description of your congregation appearing in one of our Catholic weeklies has made such a vivid impression on my friend and me that we are longing to know more about you. . . My friend and I have often dreamed of the kind of religious life we would like, or at least be fitted for, and it has always taken the exact form of the short description we read of your work. . . . The loss to the Faith of so many souls through long distances and insufficient number of priests has always touched me deeply. Already queries have appeared in 'The Southern Cross' in this form: 'Why not S.O.S. in South Africa?' And we answer, 'Who knows, God can arrange all things in His own good time.'"

Feast Day and Profession.

Looking back over the list of events dating from the last issue of the Field at Home we note a profession day. Such days are always ones of solemn ceremony, and glad rejoicing. On this occasion, October 15th, the feast of St. Theresa, His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, officiated, and received the vows of Sister Mary Morgan (Scotland), also renewal of Holy Vows of Sister Patricia Williams (Toronto). Never do we realize more keenly the part that our Community was founded to play in the affairs of the Church here in Canada, than when His Grace speaks to us of it. We carry away with us a clearer grasp of the sublimity of the work that is ours, and the need we have of prayer and utter self-abnegation before we can succeed in it.

More Workers Needed

Vocations to the Priesthood and the Religious Life are so badly needed, and no one knows it better, perhaps, than those whose happy lot it is to be called to the Service of the Master. Realizing the immense harvest awaiting the reapers, our novices and postulants have a procession every Saturday

TREASURES IN HEAVEN ARE LASTING TREASURES.



In the Home-Mission Field

IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT

TING-A-LING-LING, five p.m. and time to get up!

"Benedicamus Domino, Deo gratias" — "Oh, Jesus through the most pure heart of Mary, etc." So the day begins, or I should say night. 5.30 p.m., supper with the Sisters, and then morning prayers and meditation. Strange it is to be saying morning prayers at 6.30 in the evening! but a night sister has privileges all her own; and with Robbie Burns she believes that "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee," so she makes no set plans for getting in her devotions, but catches the stray moments that God sends, and tries to make use of them.

The bell has rung, so come and have recreation with the community. Mary will remain on guard and notify us should a patient require attention. Now join in the songs and enjoy yourself, Sister, for this is the one hour of the night in which you can have all the recreation you like. Later on you must walk around on tiptoe, and make believe you are a fairy, or perhaps an angel. What! recreation over! how quickly time flies!

Now to our charges—each patient gets a little "night cap," so we make up the drinks, and take them around, give the medicines, and straighten the bedclothes, and make all comfy.

11.30, and all is well (so we think). A look at the kitchen fire, but hark! "Nurse! Ma-a-a-a—" "Yes, Harry." (Harry has a fractured leg). "Please move me to a more COM-FORT-ABLE position, my leg hurts." "Is that better?" "Yes, thank you, Sister." "Now, Harry, take these tablets, and go to sleep."

Dear, O dear, that baby will wake the house; wish I had wings to fly up those stairs. Paul is lifted out of his cot, when Philip starts to cry

(they are twins). "Philip, you will just have to cry until Paul has had his midnight lunch." With the twins back in bed Edith Marie, our only girl, decides she must have some treatment similar to the boys.

The chapel door is ajar, and the little lamp flickers in the darkness giving a gentle reminder that He also would like some attention: just a little word now and then during the long lonely hours of the night.

I start my "noon" devotions when the phone rings:—"Dear Lord, excuse me." "Hospital." "Doctor T. calling, Sister, there is a patient coming in on the 3 a.m. train, have you a bed?" Doctor gives a few orders, and then rings off.

"Sister! Will you please fix my leg, and make it COM-FORT-ABLE again?" calls Harry. I get him settled, and then glance round the ward to see if all is well. Mr. F. in the corner, would like an extra blanket, and a hot water bottle, Mr. D. is restless, and cannot sleep. A couple of tablets, and a hot drink will remedy his trouble. Then to prepare the bed for the new patient.

And so the night wears on until 5.45 a.m. and it is time to begin the morning's work. Temperatures to be taken, patients to be washed, charts to be made out, and then a last look around to see that all is in order.

7.00 a.m. Holy Mass, so once more I trip up to the chapel, hoping no bells will ring to disturb me, but alas, babies are no respecters of people, time or place, so with a smile I leave the chapel knowing that the dear Lord will understand.

Breakfast time! Then a little visit to Our Changeless Friend, and bed. Thus ends a night in a little Western Hospital.

SISTER A. BLAINEY, S. O. S.

OPEN YOUR HEART TO THE CALL OF THE HOME MISSION FIELD.

A Noted Catholic Visitor

OCTOBER, 1930. Homeward bound across the Atlantic, one of the great ocean liners cleaves her way, carrying back with her, Lady Margaret Kerr, of Scotland, recently a noted visitor to our Hostels here. A daughter of one of the noblest Catholic families, Lady Margaret, unassuming and easy of approach, endeared herself to Sisters and girls alike, indeed to all with whom she came in contact during her trip.

Of her visit the Montreal Gazette says: "Lady Margaret came to Canada because of her interest in Catholic Immigration, and has visited all the Hostels conducted by the Sisters of Service . . . She was interviewed yesterday at the C.W.L. Hostel, Drummond Street, where she has stayed while in the city. The homelike atmosphere of the Hostels, she said, impressed her deeply."

From Montreal, Lady Margaret visited successively Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver Hostels. At each place she interviewed many girls, and at their request wrote to their people in the Old Country to the extent we believe of some hundreds of letters. Which goes to prove that Lady Margaret never lost sight of her aim in coming to Canada—namely, in the interest of the Catholic immigrant girls, to whom she devoted her time, almost to the utter exclusion of all else.

On her return journey Lady Margaret stayed over a few days in Toronto. There the Hostel girls held a social evening in her honour. An in-



Reception Room, Toronto Hostel.

teresting programme was drawn up of songs and dances, a presentation of flowers was made, and an address suitable to the occasion read.

Lady Margaret finished her farewell speech to the girls by telling them that she was going back to the Old Country, to their home land, and their parents, and that she would carry back the message that they were happy and contented in this new land of their adoption, and all trying their best to live up to the Old Faith, the Faith of their Fathers and Mothers. The girls cheered and applauded until they could do so no more.

So, too, of Montreal Hostel, as a letter from the Superior there will prove:

" . . . I have never seen the girls so enthusiastic over anyone. She was so kind and understanding with them. To see her sitting by the fire, with them all around her, did one's heart good. After the party given to her by the girls she led them in procession to the Chapel, carrying a large bouquet of roses presented to her, and laid it at the foot of the altar. About forty of the girls accompanied her to the station, and saw her off."

It is no exaggeration to say that to Lady Margaret we all bade a most regretful farewell. We would have much liked to have kept her. Characters of such rare simplicity, true gentleness and deep Catholicism as hers, cannot help but win the appreciation of their true worth.

P. McC.



Montreal Hostel—The Chapel showing Christmas Crib.

HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY.

Thoughts from A Hostel Girl's Diary

On the Prairies.

IT is Christmas Eve, and through the dark, from far across the snow, comes the joyful sound of sleigh bells. Near and yet more near they come, until down the winding trail a huge tallyho, with its six horses, pounds into view. Outside there is a frantic barking of dogs—inside there is a glad rush to get dressed. A few minutes more and we too are aboard the sleigh, and speeding on our way to Midnight Mass.

It is a real Western night, above the Northern Lights play in exquisite hues across the face of the star-studded heavens. Around lie the great Prairies, vast, silent, nay, more—majestic in their loneliness. Oh, the joy, the exhilaration of such a night's ride. The clear, frosty sweep of the wind, the music of sleigh bells, the happy chatter and laughter of Catholic neighbours gathered in from far flung prairie homesteads for the glad privilege of attending Midnight Mass.

The Lure of the Hostel.

Mass over, we file out of the Church. Where to? Over the trail again, perhaps to one of the big farms, there to keep Christmas as is the Western custom, until daybreak, when all may in safety go their way.

The sleigh is fast filling, but I still stand on the sidewalk. Folks brush past, the air is vibrant with joyous greetings. Something tugs at one's heartstrings, and there is a strange choky feeling in one's throat. HOME—that was it, the Priest had spoken of home, the Little Christ Child in the manger, with His Father and Mother protectingly on either side, had silently spoken, too. People streaming past talked of their little children, and of the glad awakening on the morrow. Oh, the wistfulness of it all, when one is alone in a strange land.

Two pictures of the second, flashed into mind . . . Christmas on the Settlement . . . the fiddles throbbing, the dancing, the tables loaded with good things, the joyous happy fun among the younger ones of us, and that comradeship that goes to make a true Canadian Christmas. Against this I could see outlined the Reception Room of the Hostel, which lay close by—that Hostel which was the gift of the Catholic public to the Overseas girls, and which proved again and again a veritable blessing. I could see a large group just back from Midnight Mass, all gathered around the grey-clad Sister, sitting in the firelight talking. Doubtless relating memories of Christmasses

past, and telling stories of the old home far across the ocean.

A moment, and my mind was made up. The sleigh, now filled, was ready to pull out. I managed to whisper to the one nearest, "I am going down to the Hostel, to the Sisters, I can't stay away. Thank the folks for their kindness, and make it all right with them, will you?" There was a movement, as though of dissent, but just then the sleigh lurched forward. I watched it draw out into the dark of the Christmas morning, and as the sound of its bells died away, I turned Hostelwards. Not, however, before I heard some one say defensively, "Leave the kid go—she's homesick, and wants to be with her own people." Dear kindly folks, God bless them. Soon they were out of sight.

Home.

I found them all in the Hostel just as I had pictured. Sister sitting by the fire, the girls all around her. English, Irish and Scotch, their various accents fell like sweetest music on my ears. Christmas in the Settlement would be beautiful, but this savoured more of one's true state in life. Out there, there would be the tendency to envy the blessings of others, here there was the understanding, the consolation in the sharing of a common sorrow if one might call it that. Out there, there would be the mirth of a happy, contented people, safe in their own land, with all the protection of their own homes and dear ones. Here, there would be happiness, too, but oh, such a wistful happiness! The kind that sent tears of gratitude to one's eyes for the safe harbour of the Hostel. Look at that fair little wisp of a girl, scarce eighteen years old, close to the fire. She is typical of a hundred such others, who growing up in countries harrassed by the aftermath of the war are forced through lack of work to emigrate elsewhere.

It is at times like Christmas when loneliness sweeps down upon the gayest of such that the Hostel lights shine out as a beacon calling one away from pleasures that promise a false forgetfulness.

The beautiful Christmas tree, the little Crib reviving a thousand memories, the gay decorations, the real spirit of Christmas that pervaded the Hostel made one realize more than ever what the Sisters of Service are doing for the lonely little immigrant girl, and all that the Hostel means to one whose dear ones are far across the sea.

TO NEED IS HUMAN, TO GIVE DIVINE.

The Coming of The Christ Child

THE monotonous whiteness of winter everywhere! a biting, cutting wind blowing across a sweep of prairie! A little three-roomed shack, and inside a mother and three children trying to draw warmth from a small stove.

"Is this Christmas, Mother?" asked one of the little ones, as she clambered on her mother's knee.

"Yes, darling, this is Christmas, the birthday of the Little Jesus."

"And will Santa Claus come to-night?" questioned another little one, his eyes big with expectation."

"Perhaps, dear, we must wait and see," answered the tired Mother.

Wait and see. This is what she had been doing day in and day out since her husband's death. It had been hard, very hard, trying to keep the little family together with the help of her sixteen year old son, and to-day the little Mother was almost at the end of her resources. And it was Christmas!

Presently a sound at the door made her turn round, and with a welcome smile she greeted her eldest son, who had been to the Post Office to get the mail.

"Anything, dear?" she queried, though the disappointment written on the boy's face almost made the question unnecessary. "Only this," he replied, throwing a large envelope on the table. The Mother took it up listlessly, but a smile came to her lips as she saw its contents. In her hand she held a coloured representation of that sweetest of all scenes—the birth of the Infant Saviour in the Stable at Bethlehem. Reverently she laid it on the table, and the little ones crowded around wondering, as the mother told them of the first Christmas night.

"— and now, children," she said in conclusion, "let us kneel down and ask the little Infant King for His help and blessing. With hands clasped and eyes screwed tightly shut the little ones knelt around the crib, and in baby accents told the little Babe of Bethlehem that they too were cold and hungry even as He had been, "and," added the youngest of the three, "Please send Santy Claus to bring us somfing for Christmas."

"Cheer up, Son," said the Mother to the eldest boy, as she rose from her knees, "something will turn up, you'll see," and the boy responded with a bright smile, while the little ones ran to the window to see if they could catch a glimpse of Santa Claus coming across the trail. Suddenly a shout went up, "Mum, he's here," they cried excitedly, and sure enough the sound of



After the Catechism Lesson—Children in rural Alberta.

sleigh bells could be heard above the roar of the wind, and the Mother went to the door to see who the visitor could be.

"Mr. S.!" she said, holding out a hand of welcome to a stalwart man clad in a long coon coat. "Come right in." The visitor entered, and laying a bag on the table, proceeded to unearth the contents. "Mustn't keep the horses waiting," he said, "Just brought some things along for the children—haven't any of our own, you know, so the wife always likes to make some other kiddies happy at Christmas time."

"Apples! oranges!" shouted the children excitedly, "toys, and oh, look, a real turkey."

"And what about the big boy doing some work for me," the farmer said, looking at the Mother, "Let him come over on Monday and help us with the painting of the inside of the house. You come, too, and all the kiddies, and we will make a day of it. It ain't Christmas without kids, so we will wait till Monday to celebrate. The Mother, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, thanked him, and in a moment he was gone across the snow.

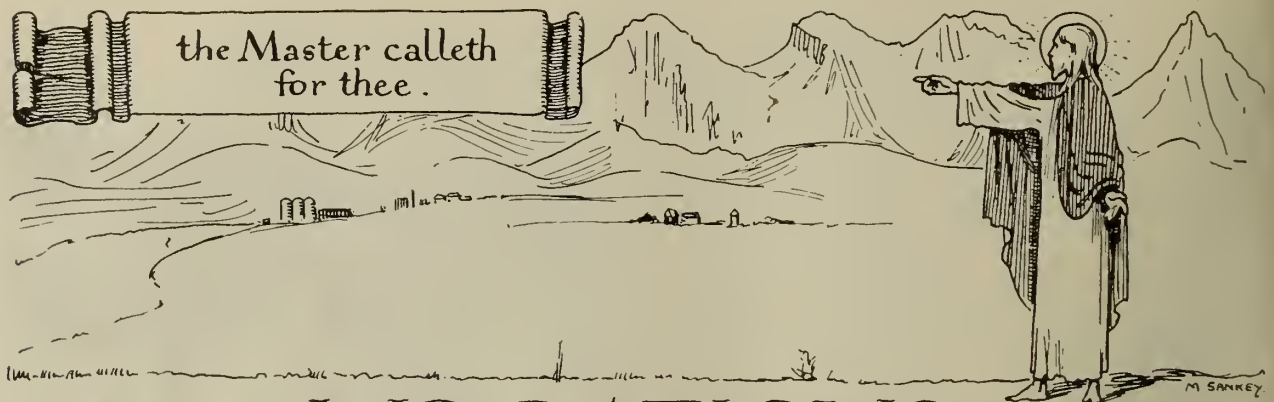
"Who was it," the Mother said, turning to the children, "who sent Mr. S. with all these good things—was it Santa Claus?"

"No," replied the little ones reverently. "It was the little Infant Jesus, sent by the Sisters of Service in Edmonton."

The foregoing incident was founded on fact. Every Christmas the Sisters of Service in Edmonton, Alta. send round Cribs or pictures to several hundred families living in the rural districts of the Western Provinces. These often do untold good, as our little story shows.

SR. M. L. MEADE, S. O. S.

A GIFT IS THE EXPRESSION OF SACRIFICE.



VOCATIONS

Objections !

I.

"I am not good enough."

SHE loved Our Lord dearly. Every day would see some little sacrifice offered to His Sacred Heart. Her waking thoughts were for Him, and when the shades of evening lengthened she would go into His Holy Presence, and whisper a last good-night. But when His invitation, "Come, follow Me," was lovingly spoken to her heart, she held back. "I love you Lord," she said, "you know I love you, but I am not good enough to live in your house, to be a religious. I want a good time, and to have my own way, Oh, Lord, don't ask me, for really I am not good enough. Look at Sister So and So, and Mother what's her name, they look so holy, I could never be like them."

How often Our Dear Lord must have listened to this objection offered by one whom He had invited to follow Him, and one can almost imagine Him saying: "Dear child, of course you are not good enough, of course you are not worthy, the most spotless soul on earth is unworthy of the favour I wish to bestow upon you, but I love you so much that I want to have you close to me, to protect you from a sinful and dangerous world—I want to make you one of my workers in my great harvest of souls."

How many there are who think that in order to become a religious an extraordinary piety is needed, that one must be a kind of stain glass saint. In fact if this were the conditions for entry to the Religious life there would be very few convents existing to-day. Those

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

I know that I am nothing; even so,
The Lord of love may still make use of me,
If I but live in love, and gladly go
Where'er His gentle voice may summon me.

I may love's circle ever greater make,
Though I be but a pebble on life's shore,
E'en as the smallest stone dropped in a lake,
Brings ripples that go widening more and more.

I may to souls still wandering in the dark,
Bring light reflected from love's golden ray,
E'en as the very smallest hidden spark,
May be the cause of some tremendous blaze.

Sr. Maria, S.C.N., in
"The Little Missionary"

who enter, and they are generally the most happy and carefree of mortals, do so with a very deep sense of their unworthiness, but full of confidence, knowing that the Master who called them to His House will give them every means of becoming even a saint, if they only do their part.

There is no task however hard,
Impossible to Thee,
If Thou but will it, Thou canst make
A Saint of even me.

II.

"How can I be sure."

How can I be sure that I have a vocation to the Religious life is a question often asked by one who is hesitating between the world and its allurements, and the sweet silent words of the Master, "Come, follow me."

He whispers these words so quietly sometimes that we find it hard to know whether we have really heard aright. But we must remember that Our Lord never speaks in a tumult of noise. He does not often make direct revelations of His will, and no angel is likely to be sent from Heaven to tell us what to do. The Master speaks silently, and holy writers tell us that no exceptional call to the Religious Life is needed, or extraordinary spiritual attraction is required. All that is necessary is an honest desire to dedicate one's life to Our Lord's service, and the other qualifications asked from candidates wishing to enter the Religious Life.

If, then you have heard His voice whispering ever so silently in your heart do not be diffident. You would make a far greater mistake by refusing to answer His invitation, than by coming to Him trustfully. Every Convent has its Novitiate, where a trial is made of the life before one is in any way bound, and we are told that any one entering with a sincere desire of pleasing God only, would be given a vocation to the Religious Life even if they had not had one before.

Come, then, come because He loves you, and needs you; come, even though you are weak and afraid, for in Him who strengthens you will be able to do all things.

M.L.M.

HE WHO LOVES CHRIST WILL MAKE HIM LOVED BY OTHERS.



THE FIELD AFAR

To the Uttermost Parts of the Earth

UNDER the inspiration and guidance of Archbishop Gauthier an Exhibition was held in Montreal, illustrating the work done by Canadians in the Home and Foreign Mission Fields. Thirty-four tastily arranged booths, each representing a Religious Order or Society, showed the activities carried on in various sections of the great Mission Field of the Church.

It was my privilege to be present at this Exhibition, and as I walked around the great hall the feeling that came uppermost in my mind was one of pride—a pardonable pride in the thought of what the Canadian Catholic Church is doing in the Mission Field to-day. One saw examples of work done in China, in India, in Africa, work among the lepers, work among Eskimos in the frozen north, among Indians in the lands nearer home, brown robed Franciscans, black garbed Jesuits and Redemptorists, White Fathers, and the numerous communities of women, all united in one glorious work—the spreading of Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

Three exhibits, perhaps, held my attention more than the others, that of the Grey Nuns of Montreal illustrating the labours of the Sisters in the northern regions of our own country; that of the Jesuits of Upper Canada show-

ing the work of the Fathers and Brothers among the Indians, and that of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, an order founded a little more than fifty years

ago, and which now has 223 houses in different parts of the world. The exhibit of the Grey Nuns showed a miniature sleigh and dog team, which illustrated very realistically the Sisters' mode of travel, while the walls of the booth were lined with handicraft of all kinds, the work of Indians and Eskimo children. The booth of the Jesuits of Upper Canada was most beautifully decorated with birch bark and maple leaves, and had an Indian boy in attendance (Though I must confess he looked to me very like a girl, and was mistaken for one in many instances, much to his chagrin!) The booth of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary had examples of work that had been done in all corners of the world, and especially emphasized their work among the lepers.

Though I have singled out these three booths for special mention, it would be hard to say which of the many others deserved a prize for tastefulness of decoration, or of the interest they aroused. Every one of the 34 booths were works of art, and each vied with

(Continued on page 15)



Missionary Exhibition, Montreal, September, 1930.

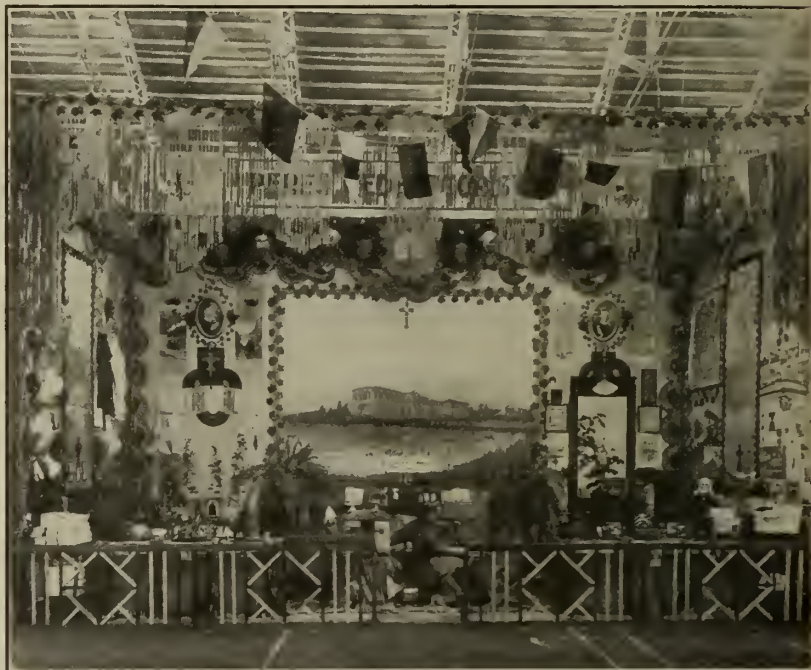
MAKE THE NEW YEAR A MISSION YEAR.

The Redemptorist Missions in Indo-China

In October, 1925, the Redemptorists of the French Province in Canada, at the invitation of the Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, took over a territory in Indo-China as their field of labour. Speaking of this territory, Msgr. Aiuti, at one time Apostolic Delegate to China, said:

"Indo-China is beautiful in its fervent Christians, beautiful in the promises it holds out for the future, it is a land watered, and made fertile by the blood of countless martyrs. Its people of to-day are ready to receive the message of Faith. The harvest there is ripe, and awaiting the reapers." Such is the land where fifteen of our own Canadian Redemptorists are now working.

In the mission field it is usual for Missionary Societies and Congregations to have certain territories allotted to them, in which they have the direct care of souls. But this is not the case with the Redemptorists in Annam or Tonkin. In this country they are doing very much the same kind of work that they are doing here in Canada—preaching missions and retreats, and by their efforts in this direction they are reanimating the fervour of the native priesthood. In the territory to which they were assigned the Redemptorist Fathers have established a Juniorate and a Novitiate for the training of native religious. Free libraries of good Catholic books have been opened by them, and special conferences organized for the educated Chinese population, these conferences or series of lectures being given by a learned native priest. In this last mentioned work the Redemptorists are fulfilling the wishes of the Holy Father, when He said: "We exhort you not to neglect the people of high standing—it is true that the humble receive the word of God more easily . . . but



Montreal Missionary Exhibition—Redemptorist Booth.

experience has shown that the conversion of people of power in the cities has often been the means of bringing many others to the knowledge of the truth."

The mission of the Redemptorists in Indo-China is a very promising one, but like the work of missionaries the world over their task is a hard one, and they depend almost entirely on the prayers and alms of their fellow Catholics. Our Blessed Lord promised to reward a cup of cold water given to the needy in His Name—how great, then, will be the reward of he who co-operates in the salvation of immortal souls. To the interest and charity of our readers we commend the admirable work of the Redemptorist Fathers in Indo-China. M.L.M.

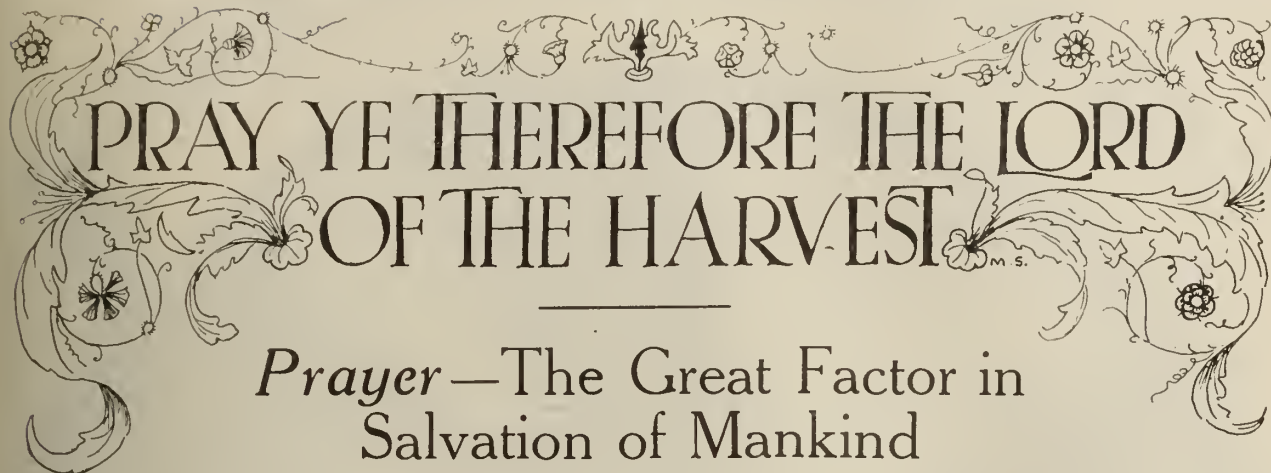
MISSIONARY POLICY OF THE CHURCH

The naturalization of the Church in missionary countries is the bold and far-sighted policy of Pope Pius XI., and his immediate predecessors. That the Hierarchy and clergy should be recruited from the ranks of the native people of each country seemed to many a doubtful venture. Yet the policy is now fact, and we have in the Church Chinese, Japanese, Indian and African Bishops. They are standing the test successfully and proving themselves well qualified to fill the highest positions in the Church with distinction and great usefulness for their people. No nation, no matter how glorious its Catholic past may have been, has the monopoly of the Church of God. The Church is Catholic and ignores the barriers of race and colour. G.D.



Redemptorist Fathers and Native Brothers, Hué, Indo-China.

SOULS ARE SAVED ONLY BY SACRIFICE.



PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

Prayer—The Great Factor in Salvation of Mankind

HOW many Christians realize that the air is full of appeals for help at every moment, which signify to him who will listen that there are people in distress of body or soul; but alas, these unnumberable demands are usually ignored.

Every moment of day and night, hertzian waves are traversing the atmosphere; how many persons are attuned to catch the feverish S.O.S. cries of lost souls, of the heathen, the tempted, the fallen; the appeal of the missionary asking for help, of the priest crushed by the weight of his burden, the moans of little children asking for bread, and the exclamation of Our Lord: "The harvest indeed is great, but the labourers are few" . . . Yet souls full of apostolic zeal are to be found; the number of persons in a state of spiritual destitution appeals to our sense of compassion, and we long to throw the salvage rope which will save them from falling into the abyss. But how is it to be done? What if the cord is too short and too weak to save these hundreds?

Have we remembered to pray for them?

With prayer we can do all things.

God desires to save all men; but he does not wish to save without our help. The work of sal-

AN EVENING VISIT

Stay with us, Lord, to-night
Stay to adore, and praise, and
give thanks for us whilst we
sleep; to draw down mercy
and grace upon the world; to
succor from earth's tabernacles
the holy suffering souls in purgatory in their long night of weary pain.

Stay with us, to ward off the
anger of God from our crowded
cities with their dens of vice,
their crimes that call to Heaven
for vengeance.

Stay with us, to guard the
innocent, to sustain the tempted,
to raise the fallen, to curb
the power of the evil one, to
prevent sin.

Stay with us, to comfort the
sorrowing, to bless the deathbeds,
to grant contrition to the
dying, to receive into the arms
of Your mercy the thousands
that this night must come before
You for judgment. O Good
Shepherd, stay with Your
sheep. Secure them against the
perils that beset them. Stay,
above all, with the suffering
and the dying. Grant us a quiet
night and a perfect end. Be
our merciful Shepherd to the
last, that without fear we may
appear before You as our
Judge.

Does God allow the sanctification and salvation of souls to depend upon whether the rest of the human race or certain members of it lend their assistance or not?

Yes, up to a certain undefinable, but indispensable point, this is true.

St. Paul will help us to solve the mystery of this divine dispensation: he writes to Timothy in these words: 'I desire therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions and thanksgivings be made for all men.' . . . It is to these acts of charity that the apostle is inviting us when he says: 'Pray one for another, that you may be saved,' as if he wished to tell us that the accomplishment of this merciful desire of our Lord does not depend solely upon the free co-operation of those he is seeking to save, but also on the zeal the prayers and efforts of all those who are already on the right way and whom God calls to bring back their brethren.

The most unimportant person can and ought to co-operate in this common work of the salvation of the world."—From "Le Christ dans ses Freres," by Raoul Phas, S.J.

"Two sinners died upon Calvary beside Jesus Christ; one prayed and was saved, the other did not pray and was damned."

—St. Alphonsus.

vation is a large, open-hearted co-operative enterprise, world-wide in its range, which includes all those who are concerned in an undertaking that has both an individual and a general interest.

SAFEGUARD OUR LORD'S INTERESTS IN YOUR WILL.

THE WHEEL OF PROGRESS



Agricultural and Industrial
Progress in Canada

Young People, Attention!



Attention, young people!

IN the next issue of Field at Home we will have a section for the Young Folk. Two whole pages containing

Stories!

Jokes!

Letters!

Competitions!

Etc., Etc.

In fact everything that goes to make interesting reading matter for young people.

Y. M. C. K.

Mysterious letters! What do they stand for? Listen well and I'll tell you. Two years ago in the West the Sisters of Service

started a Society called THE YOUNG MISSIONARIES OF CHRIST THE KING, Y.M.C.K. Do you get it now? These young missionaries have their own rules, not too many of them, so don't be afraid, and they have the very "beautifullest" badge you ever saw. For two years now these Young Missionaries, who are boys and girls just like you, have been doing great work in the West and now the time has come for them to extend their activities all over Canada. In our next number we will print the rules and aims of the Society and will invite all our young friends to join. You're counted in this invitation, so please don't back out.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

And now to go back to our Young Peoples' Section. The Young People's Editor is turning grey wondering what to put in it, or rather what not to put in it, as his or her (which?) head is bursting with things to say. However, it's up to you, **WHAT DO YOU WANT?**

Three Prizes.

Three prizes will be offered for the three best suggestions as how to run a Young People's Section. We want to make it a grand and glorious success, and in order to do that we must have

your help. Send in your suggestions just as soon as you can to

THE EDITOR,

Young Peoples' Section.

The Field at Home,

2 Wellesley Place,

Toronto, Ont.

Then wait, and you will see something worth seeing.

Wishing you all the happiest of happy Christ-masses,

Yours, for the finest Young People's

Page in Canada,

THE EDITOR.

Young People's Section.

BEFORE THE PALING OF THE STARS.

Before the paling of the stars,
Before the winter morn,
Before the earliest cockerow,
Jesus Christ was born,
Born in a stable, cradled in a manger,
In the world His Hands have made
Born a stranger.

Priest and King lay fast asleep,
In Jerusalem.
Young and old lay fast asleep
In crowded Bethlehem;
Saint and angel, ox and ass,
Kept a watch together
Before the Christmas daybreak
In the winter weather.

Jesus on His Mother's breast
In the stable cold,
Spotless Lamb of God was He
Shepherd of the fold:
Let us kneel with Mary maid,
With Joseph bent and hoary,
With saint and angel, ox and ass,
To hail the King of Glory.

—Christina Rossetti.

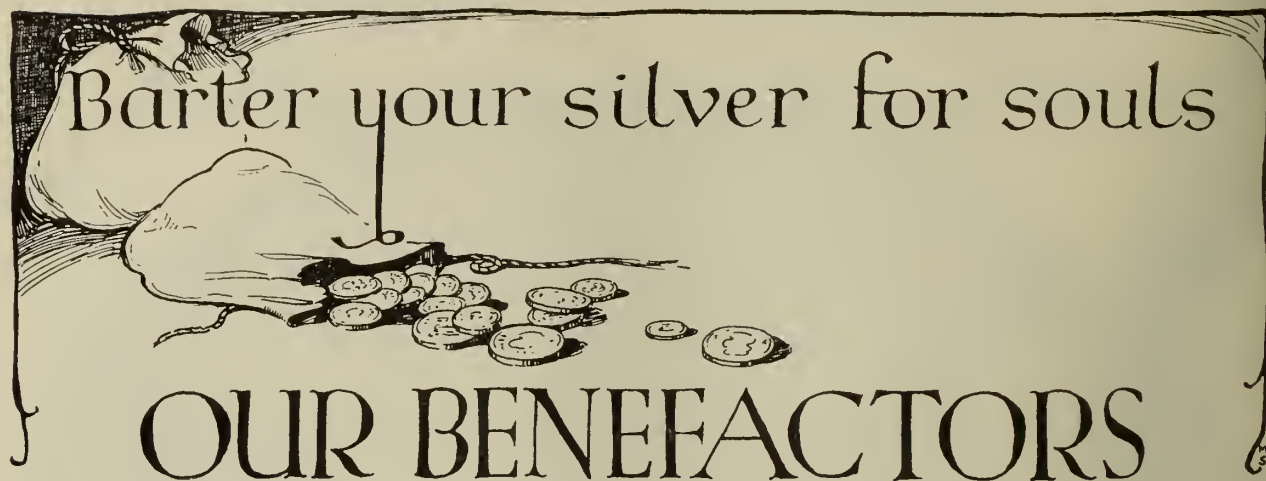
TO THE UTMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH.

(Continued from page 11)

the other in beauty of arrangement. It was my regret that the time spent at the Exhibition was too short for an exhaustive examination of all there was to be seen. However, I came away realizing a little better than before the immensity of the Mission Field of the Church. I understood more clearly all that is being done to extend Christ's Kingdom on earth, and all there still remains to be done before all souls shall be united at the Feet of Christ the King.

M.L.M.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THE "FIELD AT HOME."



Donations — June 1st to November 1st

\$200.00—Wm. McManamy
 50.00—A Montreal Friend of the Missions
 25.00—T. J. O'Neil
 Redemptorist Fathers,
 Toronto
 Chas. A. Gillooly
 Wm. Carroll
 A Friend, Toronto
 20.25—Rev. J. H. MacDonald
 15.00—Mrs. F. MacDonald
 Mrs. M. L. Forbes
 12.25—Redemptorist Fathers,
 Vancouver
 10.00—Mr. W. H. Lovering
 Rev. R. Walsh
 Most Rev. A. E. Deschamps
 C. Maher
 Rev. Fr. Elliott
 Sacred Heart Convent,
 Sault au Recollet
 Rev. M. J. O'Brien
 Dr. J. McKenty
 M. E. Larkin
 Rev. M. G. Will, C.S.S.R.
 Rev. Fr. Nicholson
 Rev. Fr. Bagnasco
 Rev. Fr. Kuhn
 Mrs. J. Cochrane
 Miss McIntee
 Mrs. Wm. Guest
 W. Scott, K.C.
 Rev. Mother Martin of
 Tours, C.N.D.
 Sisters of St. Joseph,
 London
 G. Doege
 A Friend, Midland, Ont.
 Cath. Stroeder
 Rev. A. O'Leary
 8.00—St. Paul's Church, Alliston
 Redemptorist Fathers,
 Ste. Anne de Beaupre
 7.00—Rev. Mother Loyola
 Misses Scott

5.00—Most Rev. G. Forbes
 A Friend, Toronto
 Miss K. Murphy
 Rev. Sister Theresine
 W. J. McColl
 Rev. M. J. Reardon
 Catherine Galligan
 Mrs. W. Herriott
 St. Anne's Academy,
 Montreal
 Jas. Cloran
 Mrs. T. Brennan
 Rev. A. J. Leyes
 Rev. G. Monahan
 A. G. Duggan
 St. Paul's Hospital, Van-
 couver
 C. W. L., Renfrew
 3.00—Sisters of Holy Cross
 2.00—Geo. F. Mason
 M. A. Hardy
 A. Daly
 E. Maguire
 Redemptorist Fathers,
 Ottawa
 1.00—Miss G. Malone
 Miss Bohan
 Miss A. King
 A Friend (Vancouver)
 W. R. Burgess
 M. Donovan
 J. Cassidy
 Miss Burns
 T. B. Walsh
 A. McQuilken
 Mrs. O. Griffin
 Miss D. Hayward
 Thos. Baines
 .75—Mrs. J. Mullen
 .25—A Friend
 Mrs. M. Shannon

Honorary Members—

Miss M. Regan
 Miss M. Black
 Misses Costello
 Miss M. Brankin

REMEMBERED IN A WILL

We received \$288.35, being the amount bequeathed to us from the Estate of the late Jane McGillivray, of Glen Road, Antigonish Co., N.S.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

When you are resolving,
 On all the good you'll do,
 Don't forget the struggling Mis-
 sions,
 Or your subscription to renew!

PLEASE!

We still have our needs, so are still begging!

The Motherhouse of the Sisters of Service, 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, made an appeal for a copy of the Catholic Encyclopedia in our last issue. So far we have received no response.

The winter promises to be a hard one for the poor, so once again we ask for clothing. Articles to be sent to Catholic Hostel, 4 Wellesley Place, Toronto.

THANKS

Our appeal for clothing to be sent to the poor met with a most hearty response, and several trunks of warm things were sent out to the Missions, and were most gratefully received.

The girls of Toronto Hostel have been buying and dressing dolls, as gifts for poor children, in honour of the Infant Jesus. Over fifty of these dolls, dressed in gay colours, are now on their way to the West. What happiness they will bring to the hearts of the little ones who receive them.

We have also to thank St. Patrick's Mission Circle, Sherbrooke, Que., for two boxes of baby clothing sent to our hospital in Vilna, Alta.

GOD BLESS AND REWARD OUR BENEFACTORS.

❖ ❖ ❖ Christmas! ❖ ❖ ❖

What sweet and sacred memories
the word calls to mind—

Childhood's happy days!

Midnight Mass!

The joy and peace of that holy night!

But above all stands out bright and clear

*The memory of a little Child
lying in a manger!*



It is His Birthday
and as a birthday gift to Him
we ask you to
Remember His Missionaries

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



Canada
Needs
the
Sisters
of
Service

The
Sisters
of
Service
Need
Canada

Headquarters—2 Wellesley Place, Toronto
Novitiate—60 Glen Road, Toronto

MISSIONS

Halifax, N.S.	Port Work	Camp Morton, Man.	2 Schools
Quebec, Que.	Port Work	Edmonton, Alta.	Catechetical Centre
Montreal, Que.	Hostel	Edmonton, Alta.	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.	Hostel	Vilna, Alta.	Hospital and School
Winnipeg, Man.	Hostel	Edson, Alta.	Hospital
	Vancouver, B.C.	Hostel	

Correspondence is Invited

The Field At Home



S.O.S

CATHOLIC



NATIONAL

SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"The Bishops of Canada recommend the zealous and devoted activities of the Sisters of Service."

—*Report of the plenary meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy, Quebec, Oct., 1928.*

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"Surely the Lord has inspired this foundation . . . The prospect of the 'Sisters of Service' comes as a ray of light and a beam of hope."

✠ TIMOTHY CASEY,
Archbishop of Vancouver.

"Happy was the inspiration that led to the foundation of the new Sisterhood of the 'Sisters of Service,' whose specific work will be the most abandoned souls, particularly throughout our Western Provinces."

✠ O. E. MATHIEU,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

"The endeavour of the Sisters of Service is a record of splendid achievement and useful work for the Dominion, and I know from the little experience I have personally of

the work of your Order how much self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity goes with it."

—*Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways.*

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work."—*The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization—to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." Government House, SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK. Quebec, August 22, 1923.

"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

THE FIELD AT HOME



To All Our Friends We Wish that "Peace"
The Risen Saviour Brought to The World

Faith that Worketh through Charity (*Gal. v. 6*)

A MISSIONARY endeavour — and every effort made to help make it a reality and expand its saving usefulness — are without doubt the best evidence of that "faith that worketh through charity" of which St. Paul writes to the Galatians. The spreading and conservation of the Faith are the greatest exemplifications of a deep-rooted conviction of the most unadulterated expression of Christian charity. Apostleship is based on conviction. When one is firmly convinced of an idea one must necessarily become an apostle, a missionary. There is in the soul, possessed by the certainty and beauty of truth, an urge to communicate it to others. This is particularly true of the possession of religious truth. Firmly convinced of its moral usefulness in life and the importance of its saving message for eternity, one feels obliged to have others share its beneficial influences. When a man is blessed with the great gift of Faith, and absolutely convinced of its necessity for the eternal salvation of mankind, it becomes a duty for him to spread it. Like St. Paul, he may say: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel. . . . I do all things for the Gospel's sake." (1 Cor. 1X.).

Moreover, Faith that leads not to charity is of no avail. The love of God for man is in reality the great mystery of Christian Revelation. "The evidence of things unseen" given to man by Faith may be summed up in the words of St. John: "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting. For God sent not His Son into the world to judge the world, but that the world may be saved by Him." (John III. 16.17).

This work of man's salvation through Divine love is continued by the Church: the continuation, the prolongation of Christ through time and space. To cooperate with the Church in her missionary endeavours is therefore the highest expression of that charity.

"Faith without good works is a dead faith," according to St. James. Of all the good works that give life and vigor to our Faith, there is none that can compare with what one may do for the Catholic Missions. These apostolic efforts not only express a deep-seated faith, but also help towards its preservation and extension.

G. DALY, C.S.S.R.

TO ALL OUR READERS WE WISH THE JOY OF EASTER

Notes and Comments

CURTAILMENT SPELLS DISASTER

Curtailment of the foreign mission funds from this country would mean the complete crippling of a work for religion which, even at best, we have allowed to languish on the threshold of abject poverty. Our heroic priests and nuns, battling against the hardships of heathenism, have never known even frugal comfort. They have faced the struggle of winning souls to Christ, bearing the extra burden of trying to keep soul and body together.

Even ordinarily worthy causes have taken advantage of the psychology of the times, while "rackets" have thrived a-plenty, knowing that a period of general distress is a time when generosity abounds without discrimination. People give without asking where their gifts are going.

In the mission cause, your charity is not only needed, but a hundred per cent. effective. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith renders a service to its charges in foreign fields, dollar for dollar as you give.

The mission collection merits not meagre support, but the very best that the means of the people will permit. The commission, "Go teach all nations," calls not only for the heroism of those who are willing to go to foreign lands to carry out its fulfilment, but also for the help of those able to give of their means to support the cause of missions.

—The Evangelist.

LOYALTIES ARE RELATED

Charity, of course, begins at home, but we have also obligations to our neighbors and to our community, to our state and nation, to the world at large and the Church universal. The Bishop of Salford, England, in his latest pastoral, states as follows the right relations between these different loyalties:

"To be interested in one's parish, to work for its progress, is undoubtedly most commendable. Every parish is a stone in the building of God's Church. The solidity of the whole structure depends on the maintenance and consolidation of each individual parish, but in the building of the Church, as in all buildings, stone rests upon stone, and depends upon others above and

below for its conservation and for its power to carry out its destiny as part of a great fabric. There is no greater fabric on earth than the Catholic Church. Built by the Son of God and founded on the Rock of Peter, it has withstood the ravages of storm and time, and continues through the ages, despite the attacks of its enemies and the Babel of languages, to pile up its pinnacles to heaven from every quarter of the globe.

"Your parish is part of this spiritual temple, but it is surely a small part, and its ultimate security within the divine edifice depends upon the security of other parishes in the diocese and the stability of all parishes throughout the world. It is well, therefore, to look around from time to time and take an interest in the Church in general."

GROWING INTEREST

The growth of the "Catholic Church Extension of the United States" is evidenced by the yearly report just published. The receipts of the society totalled more than a million and a half dollars in the last fiscal year. The mustard seed planted by a Canadian priest — now Bishop Kelly of Oklahomahas grown into a robust and tall tree sheltering the vast Home Mission Field of the United States.

INTERNATIONAL ASPECT

One of the striking features in the development of the work of the Sisters of Service is the international aspect it assumes through its contacts with various countries. This is brought about through our Immigration work. The European mail brings us demands for information from England, Scotland, Ireland, and several of the Continental countries.

This fact often suggests to our mind the need of an International Catholic organization to meet the international factor of Catholic migration. Why should not the Catholic immigrant meet everywhere at the ports of entry of the world the official representative of an organization which exists for the protection and guidance of the Catholic immigrant? Would that the S.O.S. be standing sentinels of the Church's interests at the ports and large centres of distribution throughout the world! Will this

desire remain a dream or become one day a reality? G. D.

HARDENING OF THE ARTERIES

When age or sickness brings the hardening of the arteries the blood circulation becomes sluggish and the vitality of the body is lowered.

Hard times are apt to produce the same effect on the distribution of resources for charitable purposes. The arteries from which flow the generous help so needed, particularly in times of stress, become hardened, and immediately there is a drop in receipts so badly needed.

A VICIOUS CIRCLE

In times of stress works of charity seem to be the victims of a vicious circle. They naturally always depend for their very existence and expansion on the liberalities of the people. But when hard times set in, the needs which our charitable endeavours are called to alleviate grow . . . and the funds on which they rely diminish.

The only way out of this vicious circle is a larger number of small amounts from a greater number of contributors.

THE PRACTICAL WAY

We can take as granted that every Catholic wishes to do something to help the great missionary causes of the Church. This desire is born of our Baptism. It is an instinct of our Faith which is in search of manifestation of some kind. The fields in which he can throw the weight of his co-operation are limitless. But the most practical way of all is to become members, by prayers and almsgiving, of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and of "Catholic Church Extension." These two societies are "pontifical"; they bear the official stamp of the Church, and are recognized channels for the missionary activities of the faithful. Through them we help the Home Mission Field and the Field Afar.

HOPEFUL SIGNS

The increasing interest of our people, and particularly of our school-age generation in the Catholic missionary endeavours; the multiplicity and diffusion of missionary literature; the extraordinary number of sacerdotal and religious vocations, compared to a few decades ago, are surely hopeful signs. They are like the buds on the trees which, in the words of the Master, bring with them the sure promise of Spring.

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT IN THE BANK OF ETERNITY

THE MISSIONARY IS GRATEFUL

If there is anyone in the world who knows what gratitude is it is the missionary. He is not always in a position to express the gratitude he feels so deeply. Nevertheless he is grateful, and not a prayer, not a Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, is offered up to God but that the helpers of the missions are remembered in the one way that counts.

The missionary sees both sides of the picture: those giving and those receiving, those helping and those being helped. Is it any wonder that a lump of deep-felt gratitude rises in his throat as he pens a note of acknowledgment to a boy of 11 out in Kansas for a "don't-give-up-Father" letter written in an inexperienced hand, and for the enclosed check to the amount of \$7.75 earned by trapping muskrats? Is it any wonder that he remains before the Blessed Sacrament far into the night praying "just one more Ave" for Mary's blessing on the young girl who has organized her friends at the office into a stamp-collecting club? Or is it strange that he smiles in the face of his daily discouragement when the cause is a letter from a poor widow and her daughter pledging a definite amount of their income each month, earned by sewing aprons in a factory? And why shouldn't he smile while he tells his people that a convent of nuns and their little pupils pray every day for them?

Back of the missionary's optimism is the knowledge that he is not working alone. He sees the big family of mission helpers joined together in working good through him.

That is why the missionary is grateful when you make it possible for him to carry on. You have been generous; so is God. May He bless you.—Panta Mission Letter.

AN EDITORIAL FROM "COLUMBIA."

You can win applause in the headlines by flying across the ocean, hitting a home run with the bases full, or sitting on top of a flag-pole for three weeks. You can build more substantial fame by writing a great book, developing a huge industry, or making an important scientific discovery. Or, you can achieve a five-line notice on page fourteen, and quick oblivion, by going to China as a missionary. Most of us don't do much of anything except join in the applause. We can, however, select our heroes. "It should be good for us, as Catholics, to reflect a little on the

fact that, during the past seven years, twenty-seven (there are thirty by this time) Catholic missionaries have been killed in China as a result of their efforts to spread the faith in a pagan land. Among those who died were Belgians, Chinese, Italians, Americans, French, Swiss, Spanish and Irish. Most of them died far from the homes they loved, as we all love home. They make good heroes, though not as spectacular as aviators, or pole-sitters, or even literary gentlemen. They remind us that it is still possible for men to live and die for something that can't be bought, sold, or made into a talking picture."

ORGANIZED EFFORT

According to the Chicago "Tribune," a campaign is to be launched to enlist 15,000 women who will contribute annually to the maintenance of the new National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. Annual contributions from \$2 up will be asked, and it is hoped the average will be \$10. If the average is realized, the total will be \$150,000 annually.

The sponsors of the plan evidently realize the power of joint giving by a large number of individuals. This has always been our ideal. Since the Sisters of Service is a "National and Catholic Endeavour," does it not, indeed, devolve upon the country at large to support its efforts? And with small contributions from a large number it would be easy to finance a missionary cause common to us all.

A GOOD BREEDING GROUND

When unemployment is rife, when the mass of the people suffers from cold and hunger, the soil is well prepared for the sowers of Bolshevism. If the present structure of our economic and social world cannot afford to give the bare necessities of life, then something is radically wrong with the world. Why not try out the schemes so much talked of and so strongly advocated by our agitators? This reasoning is going on in the minds of many . . . and misery is a bad counsellor in matters of this kind. When the feet of society — and by that we mean the unthinking masses — are cold, the head ceases to think clearly and soundly, and the heart becomes restless and agitated.

LONGING FOR HOME

In my heart to-night there's a
longing
For a distant, palm-fringed
shore,
For the tang of salt sea breezes
And the sound of the ocean's
roar.

And the swish of rippling wavelets
Caressing a coral strand,
For the tang of deepest azure
That roof my native land.

I close my eyes for a moment—
Lo! memory's magic wand
Transports my eager spirit
To that wave-girt, sun-kissed land.

And my heart is athrill with rap-
ture
As once again I roam,
'Long snow-white sandy beaches
Midst the dash of spray and
foam.

Once more I wander blithly
Through fragrant orange groves,
And in jasmine-scented gardens
List to the cooing doves.

The royal poinciana,
To southern hearts so dear,
And the flaming red hibiscus
Are blooming everywhere.

O'er all the perfumed zephyrs
Float soft as an angel's prayer,
Breathing God's benediction
On those wondrous isles so fair.

Then the vision slowly fading,
Green isles in sunlight glow,
Give place to the icy grandeur
Of a land of frost and snow.

Far, far is the mighty ocean,
With its wave-capped, foamy
crest,
But 'tis here in this great white
northland
That my heart found peace and
rest.

Here the soft low Voice of the
Master
Has called me to be His own,
To work as a Sister of Service
For His dear love alone.

Though there may at times be a
longing,
'Tis naught to the bliss that is
mine,
In the joy of renunciation
For the sake of a Love Divine.

SR. C. ALBURY, S.O.S.

THE LOVE OF GOD IS ACQUIRED BY THE DETERMINATION TO WORK FOR HIM.



"I have come to serve"

AT HEADQUARTERS

Grace Archbishop Neil McNeil, of Toronto.

To the young Missionaries we wish happiness, and many fruitful years in the Lord's Vineyard.

—And Then the Missions!

After Profession Day the newly-professed Sisters eagerly await their assignment to the Missions; and it was not long before Sister Murphy was on her way to Edmonton Catechetical House, Sister Morrison to Halifax, and Sister Albury to Montreal. Letters received since their arrival shows they are already quite "at home" in their new Missions.

Spreading the Good News

When one receives something good there is a desire to share it with others; and we who have received one of the greatest blessings God can bestow, a Missionary Vocation, feel the wish to communi-

cate our happiness to others, and bid them follow in our footsteps, so that they may become partakers of the good things we have received. With this end in view, two of our Sisters have been visiting different centres, and speaking to the young girls in the parishes about the work of the Sisters of Service, and the happiness that their service brings. At the beginning of the year they spoke in the various English-speaking parishes of Ottawa, at the General Hospital to the nurses, and in several of the schools of the city. Later on they visited London, and spoke to the various sodalities, and to the nurses in training at St. Joseph's Hospital. The kindness and encouragement that our Sisters met with on these occasions from pastors, people, and especially from the religious communities, will make their visits to Ottawa and London events to be long remembered.

Easter Greetings

Lent is almost over, and the light that heralds the dawn of Easter is even now showing over the horizon, and flooding with hope the dark Tragedy of the Passion. Easter, with its promise of new life, its pledge of our resurrection will soon be here, and as the first message of the Risen Christ was one of Peace, we wish that same peace to our readers — that peace which surpasseth all understanding, the peace that Christ brought to the world.

A Longed-for Day

"A Spouse of Christ! O longed-for day
When at His Feet 'my all' I lay."

Profession Day! and three novices at the Feet of Jesus say the words that make them His, and bind them to His Holy Service!

On February 2nd, at the close of the winter retreat, which was preached by Reverend Wm. McLaughlin, C.S.S.R., the following Sisters of Service had the happiness of making their First Vows: Sister C. Albury (Nassau, B.W.I.), Sister D. Morrison (Sydney, N.S.), and Sister M. Murphy (Winnipeg). The vows were received by His

R.I.P.

As we go to press the sorrowful news comes to us of the death of Reverend Father Joseph Haley, Director of Catholic Charities for the City of Toronto, and Chaplain to our Motherhouse and Hostel. To the Sisters of Service at home, and to those who are now on the Missions, Father Haley has been a true friend — one upon whom all could count in time of need; one ever ready to render priestly service.

For all of us the remembrance of the "Holy Hours" he gave us will be an inspiration and a sacred memory to be carried through life. We can see him yet, on his knees before the Blessed Sacrament exposed in our little Motherhouse chapel, his eyes on the ostensorium pleading with all the fervour of his soul for a greater love of God. The Blessed Sacrament meant so much to him and the example of the childlike faith he showed when in its presence will be one of our dearest recollections of this kind and zealous priest.

In union with the sick, the sorrowful, the suffering and the little ones, who were his special care, we mourn his loss, and offer fervent prayers that God may bring him soon to the full light of Heaven, there to enjoy the reward of a well-spent life.

May he rest in peace.



In the Home-Mission Field

EXPERIENCES OF AN S.O.S. TEACHER

MANY a time and oft have I sat curled up in a chair in the heyday of my youth and read of the picturesque thatched and whitewashed cottages of the European peasants, and, with a sigh of keen desire, wished it were possible for me to travel much and see all this beauty with my own eyes instead of through the eyes of another.

And now my wish has been granted—at least in part—for I am living environed by white-washed dwellings with thatched roofs, and for all the charm there is in a hut with a dirty straw top and dubious-looking whitewash on the walls, I would not give a second glance.

And, too, since those far-off days, I have eaten, taught and slept in these cottages. After arguing with the flies over the meals, and finally ending the dispute by leaving them drowning in the milk and submerged in the butter; after being showered with rain through the almost invariably leaky roofs; after having turned my already upturned nose a little higher at the pervading odour from the sticky mud floors; after having slept in beds occupied by welcome committees from various insect bodies—I have been positively and decidedly disillusioned. In looking for romance I gained experience.

But they say that beauty is a condition of the weather—or of one's digestion. For, to be truth-

ful there have been days, and there will be again, when the wide white-blanketed fields shining in the morning sun, the trees bejeweled with diamonds, the snow-capped hay-stacks like fat ginger cake with white frosting, the little houses looking as if they had just come from a bath — make a scene of such surpassing loveliness that one catches one's breath in wonder. And so, dear God always makes beauty, and man changes it into ugliness!

On such a morning, when all the world is glittering like an old-fashioned Christmas card, how can one go into the school and teach phonics and fractions? One does not! Asking the children if they saw the sunrise and the jewels in the snow, and the fairies' Christmas trees; looking into their beautiful souls, catching the sparkle of their eyes, the response of their minds—I wondered what made me think I was disillusioned by thatched cottages with white walls when they contain so much charm and grace?

SISTER ALICE WALSH, S.O.S.



DO NOT GIVE TO GOD SUPERFLUITIES, BUT SACRIFICES

Across The Great Divide

THE following extracts are taken from a letter of Sister P. McConway to our Sisters at the Motherhouse, written while en route to Vancouver to take up her new duties in our Vancouver Hostel:

"C.P.R., Northern Ontario.

"Like a voice from the wilderness comes mine from these 'wilds of Ontario.' Such a glorious morning as I have awakened to — all blue and gold and white. sky, sunshine and snow. How I wish you were all here to share it with me. It is scarce seven o'clock as yet but the light streaming in through the chinks in the blind awoke me first to a sense of unfamiliar surroundings, then to the fir trees in thousands, with their leafy arms lifted as it were in prayer. It would seem a pity to let such a glorious scene go to waste for lack of an admirer—so here I am gazing in rapture at it all.

Later.

"With morning prayers said, and meditation on 'The Flight Into Egypt' made, I came back to mundane affairs. The whole compartment is astir now. Across from me is a lady with the dearest little tot of about three, who, with eyes opened wide in amazement, is following every movement of the black, beaming-faced porter. Two Sisters of Providence are travelling with



Arriving at the Hostel—Vancouver, B.C.

me, and with all the cordiality of a common bond, they come over to talk awhile.

Afternoon.

"The train swings round a bend, and the conductor tells us that we are rounding the Horse Shoe which girdles Lake Superior. It is half light now; the train rumbles soothingly on. The way grows smoother. Across the waters of Lake Superior the day is dying, while above the moon is breaking through. What a peaceful picture it is! My mind goes back from the red of the clouds to the warm glow of the sanctuary lamp in the little Motherhouse chapel . . . I gazed out till I could see no more. We passed a small town just now. A little apart stood a church with its gleaming cross. I thought of Joyce Kilmer's lines:

"'But from my window as I sped across
the sleeping land.
I see the towns and villages wherein His
Houses stand,
Above the roofs I see a cross outlined
against the night.
And I know that there my Lover dwells in
Sacramental night.'

.

"It is night time now on the waters.
The berths are made up, and with a feeling
of quiet peace I turn in."



Vancouver Hostel.

Here the girls find a home away from home.

ONE SOUL SAVED IS OF MORE VALUE THAN THE EARTHLY LIFE OF ALL THE LIVING

A Little Bit of Ireland in the West

If you take the train to St. Paul, Alberta, and then drive straight west ten miles, you will find yourself in the heart of a new colony, started in the spring of 1927.

It is a small piece of the old Indian Reserve secured for the Metis from the Government by "the Man of the Good Heart." Through the efforts of Reverend Father McDonnell, the fifty-one units of this block, four miles by three and a half, are now settled by people from the British Isles. Irish, from the Counties of Tyrone, Derry, Fermanagh and Antrim and a few families from England and Scotland. The first year of the colony's existence was a most trying one. Little or no land was under cultivation. The pioneers had to live in tents and fight a plague of mosquitos. Work was scarce, and the children were left free to roam about and amuse themselves as best they could, for there was no school for them.

The first winter was a severe one; but when the spring of 1928 came, the worst was over. On nearly every unit of one hundred and sixty acres, one-quarter of the land had been made ready for seeding. Good wells had been sunk, and houses, twenty feet by twenty feet, had been built, into which the families moved. A team of horses, a cow, and some chickens were given to some of the settlers, and when the houses were finished the barns were started.

At first Mass was celebrated in the open air; then a new barn was used; and later an old Indian building was put in order for use during the cold weather. Now there is a little church. Christmas that year was celebrated in great style. Kind friends sent gifts for a tree, and Santa was right on time.



S.O.S. Mission, St. Bride's, Alberta.



The children come to school on horseback, St. Bride's, Alberta.

The next progressive step was the starting of classes for the children in the basement of the church. The wife of one of the pioneers, a qualified teacher, took charge. Later on a two-roomed modern school building was erected; but this now is too small, and an overflow class has to go to the basement of the church. Last December a stable with accommodation for twenty or more horses was built by the ratepayers for the use of the children who come to school on horseback.

The spirit of the West is very quickly adopted by the children. Boys and girls ride horseback as if they had been born on the Prairies; and at noon recess horse races are frequent; and if you have never been a jockey, you won't realize the thrill they get out of this sport. Natural Irish wit and humor thrives at St. Bride's, just as it does on the "Old Sod," and in school many a spontaneous burst of laughter, which is good to hear, interrupts the lessons during the day.

Economic conditions are not as bad as they might have been. The crop of 1930 was a splendid one — wheat, oats, potatoes and garden produce were abundant. The marvellous winter this year of balmy days and brilliant sunshine has done much to mitigate the suffering of scantily-clothed people, who find it so hard to face the rigours of a real Western winter. St. Bride's is a happy little settlement; and we who are privileged to teach in the school there find much to encourage us. May God bless these simple Western folk and prosper their undertakings!

SISTER C. DONNELLY, S.O.S.

CHARITY, LIKE HONESTY, IS A SPLENDID INSURANCE POLICY

THE ROMANCE of THE MAIL

THE ROMANCE OF THE MAIL

EVERYONE likes receiving a letter, especially when that letter brings good news; and the letters that are sent out from the little S.O.S. Mission in Edmonton all bring good news, and so are always well received by those to whom they are sent.

Catechism by Mail

In these days the Mail is made to serve many purposes, and everyone has heard of the different kinds of correspondence classes that are so largely advertised. "French by Mail in Six Lessons," "How to Become a Writer in Three Weeks" (we wish we knew the secret!), etc., etc.; but few, perhaps, have seen or heard of the complete correspondence courses in Christian Doctrine which are distributed to between two and three thousand children by the Sisters of Service in Edmonton.

Why by Mail?

Because these children are the children of settlers living in the Western Provinces, and most of them are located miles from a church or school. Priests and Catholic teachers are few, and the only way of reaching these children is through the medium of the mail. From the Pacific Coast, across the Great Divide to the Prairie Provinces, and in the wilds of North-Western Ontario, little children, children of many nationalities, but Catholics all and future Canadian citizens, are receiving these lessons, and are thus being brought in contact with the Church by the only means that is possible to them.

The lessons sent out by the Sisters are a properly graded course in Religious Instruction, written and arranged by the Right Rev. Msgr. Day, of Helena, Montana. They consist of the lesson proper, and then a set of questions, which the children answer and send back to the Sisters for correction. The corrected answers are then returned with the subsequent lesson.

What This Catechism Course Means to the Catholic Parent

The following extracts from letters received show what parents think of these lessons:—

"Will you kindly send me your Catechism lessons again? I certainly realize what a help they are to a busy mother living miles away from a church."

"We received your Catechism lessons last night. I can't tell you what they mean to me. We are twenty-five miles away from a Catholic church. . . . God bless you for what you are doing for our children."

These are only two examples taken from many hundreds of letters received by the Sisters in the course of a year. Every letter received, be it from parent or child, receives a personal answer, and the S.O.S. Convent in Edmonton has become quite an information bureau, for many and varied are the questions asked in these letters, ranging from the best way to settle a family dispute to the name of a good dentist!

Catholic Reading Matter Distributed

As well as Catechism lessons, several thousands of Catholic papers and magazines are sent out in the year to lonely settlers; and in these days, when so much evil literature is circulated, who can tell what good the Catholic paper accomplishes? And then every month our own little Bulletin is mailed to the children taking the lessons. This Bulletin contains articles on matters of interest to Catholics, explanation of feasts, stories, etc. It is written by a Sister on a mimeograph (they can't afford to print it), and it gives unbounded pleasure to the families who receive



*At the Feet of Christ the King the lessons are laid.
Chapel — Edmonton Catechetical Centre.*

it. This is what a mother says:

"I cannot express in words my appreciation for the 'Bulletin' and the Catholic papers sent. It means so much for us to have something Catholic to read."

At the Feet of Christ the King

In the little S.O.S. Convent in Edmonton there are three Sisters who give most of their time to the sending out and correcting of Catechism lessons and the mailing of Catholic literature. Their's is a work hidden from the eyes of men, but they are expecting great results from it — results which for the most part they will never see until the day of eternity dawns. And why this confidence, this hope? Because each lesson bears with it the blessing of the Master. Before the altar, at the Feet of Christ the King, they are laid before being mailed, and with the blessing of Christ, Who so loved little ones, the lessons go forth to the East and the West, bringing with them messages of joy and encouragement. Who can doubt that seed thus sown will bear fruit — abundant fruit for eternity?

SR. M. L. MEADE, S.O.S.

EVERY OPPORTUNITY IS A RESPONSIBILITY



THE FIELD AFAR

THE VOICE *of* THE HOLY FATHER

THE world is still vibrating with the voice of the Father of Christendom which, on February 12th, was broadcast from the new Vatican Radio Station to his many millions of children. To those of us who have never had the honor of seeing the Holy Father in person, the hearing of his voice was an event in our lives never to be forgotten. The sounds of his words, vibrant with emotion, filled our hearts with sentiments of love, enthusiasm and loyalty for one who takes the place of Christ for us on earth.

Bishops and kings, priests and religious, rich and poor, listened in reverence to the common Father of all as his voice came over miles of land and sea, even to the uttermost ends of the earth. His message was for all, and it brought exhortation and encouragement. In words especially addressed to them, he spoke to the Hierarchy, to Religious, to Missionaries, to the rich and poor, employers and workers, to the suffering and sorrowful; but to no one, perhaps, did his words mean more than to the Missionaries, who are Our Father's children of predilection. They were as follows:

"Now our words go out to you, our most dear sons and daughters in Christ, who in Mission

Fields of the world are labouring in prayer to propagate the holy Faith of Christ, and to spread His Kingdom. As the first Apostles of the Church, so you too, by dangers, by trials of patience, by tri-

bulation, by necessities, are made an example for all. As they, so also you, are the glory of Christ, you who in labours often, likewise in chains and

in your blood, are fighting even unto death the great and good fight of Faith and of suffering, and by your great example are winning souls and sowing the seed of future Christians. We salute you, gallant soldiers of Christ, and we also salute those native priests and faithful catechists who are the fruit and the sharers of your labours."

These words, prompted by the love of a paternal heart which shares in the joys and sorrows of his children, must have brought peace and consolation to missionaries scattered far and wide. In India, China, and in our own homeland of Canada, they listened to him, those who could, and then went back to their work filled with a new courage.

And who is this Holy Father whose voice re-echoed throughout the world? When on the 6th of February, 1922, it was made known that a new Pope had been elected, few, even among Catholics, realized that one of the master spirits of the age had been placed on the Throne of Peter. The new Pope had been known as a profound scholar and a

deep thinker, but he was above all a priest in the fullest and truest sense of the word — a man of broad vision and practical experience, and a great statesman.



Most Rev. Andrea Cassulo, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada.

OUR NEED IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

The opening of his reign was marked by a significant act. Whereas his three predecessors had given the first Pontifical Benediction inside the Basilica of St. Peter's, Pius XI. imparted his blessing, "Urbi et Orbi," from the loggia outside, showing by this that he wished to embrace all mankind in a gesture of peace and goodwill.

The world was still gripped by the storm caused by the Great War when Pius XI. ascended the throne, and it was to the Holy Father that distressed humanity looked for help. With his characteristic energy and tact he tried to rid countries of the fear and mistrust which had arisen between civil and ecclesiastical powers. The peace he preached was not a peace that can be gained by Leagues or Treaties, but the peace of Christ founded on justice and charity. As far as the Church was concerned there was no compromise. He lifted men's hearts and minds to a higher level and placed before them the ideal of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

The most outstanding event in the reign of Pius XI. is the settlement of the Roman Question — an event which will stand out preeminently in the annals of history, and which together with efforts towards universal reconciliation founded on better understanding, has justly earned for the Holy Father the title of "Pope of Peace."

There is, however, another title by which Pius XI. will live long in the memories of men, that of "Pope of the Missions," for since the beginning of his pontificate the Holy Father has not only shown an almost unprecedented interest in the Missions, but by his great Encyclicals he has given a fuller and more perfect meaning to the dogma of the Universality of the Church, and a greater understanding of missionary work. Our Holy Father has brought back the concept of the Missions to that of the early Church when the missionaries passed through the world planting the seed of Christianity and leaving it to their newly-formed converts to water. In his great Encyclical, "Rerum Ecclesiae," the Pope set down clearly the method to be followed in missionary work. Like St. Paul, who "in journeyings often" founded churches, and St. Francis Xavier, who swept over the East like a prairie fire, the missionary is to bring the Faith to those who sit in darkness, and leave its full fruition for a native clergy, which he himself has created and organized. The Pope wishes that the native clergy should be trained in efficiency and self-rule so that the Church in mission countries may be naturalised and have her own hierarchy.

Thus the Holy Father has done much to break the shackles which crippled and confined missionary activity, and has dealt a death blow to that spirit of nationalism which is so apt to creep into missionary work. This alone gives the Pope claim to the title of "Pope of the Missions."

It was, then, the voice of the Pope of Peace, the Pope of the Missions, that reverberated throughout the world, bringing with it a message of love and encouragement, and stirring in the hearts of Catholics renewed sentiments of love and loyalty for the great White Figure of the Vatican, the Vicar of Jesus Christ. May God bless him.

May the Holy Spirit vivify him,
Fill his heart with peace and love,
Till, his earthly exile over,
May he reign with Christ above."

M. L. M.

CANADA SENT OUT 118 MISSIONARIES DURING PAST YEAR

Seventy-four to Foreign Fields — Many Congregations Represented

The Bulletin of the Missionary Union of the Clergy lists 118 missionaries as having left Canada in 1930 for territories subject to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.

Among the missionaries listed, 74 were assigned to foreign fields and 44 to the Far North of this continent. Orders and congregations represented are:—

Redemptorists, Company of Mary, Franciscans, White Fathers, Congregation of the Holy Cross, Dominicans, Paris Foreign Missions, Brothers of the Sacred Heart, Brothers of Christian Instruction, Jesuits, Oblates of Mary Immaculate, Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, White Sisters, Sisters of St. Ann, Religious of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Providence, Grey Sisters of Montreal, Grey Sisters of Ottawa, Grey Sisters of St. Hyacinthe, and Grey Sisters of Quebec.

MISSIONARIES AND MISSION LANDS.

Only lately Pope Pius XI., addressing a body of missionaries, strongly animadverted upon the curse of nationalism in missionaries, by which His Holiness meant the feeling of patriotism which leads the missionary to make propaganda for the country he hails from. A Catholic missionary, by the very fact that he belongs to a Church which is at once international and supernational cannot but shed off his national skin. Or else he may do irreparable damage to the very work he has been sent out to do, which is preeminently a spiritual work. Not only he, but the Church he represents, will grow suspect in the eyes of the people among whom he works, when they see in him an exponent of the policy, culture or customs of his own country. In these days of ardent nationalism in mission lands, he begins to be looked upon as the spear-head of imperialism — a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing.—(The Week).

INVOCATION.

That Thou wouldst deign to recall to the unity of the Church all those who have strayed from her fold, and lead to the light of the Gospel all unbelievers: We beseech Thee, hear us!

(300 days' indulgence for each recitation).

The Field At Home

A quarterly publication in aid of the missionary work of the Sisters of Service

2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

Subscription rate - - - \$1.00 per year

LEND US THE MITE OF CHARITY IN THE HOUR OF NEED

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES



Attention, Young People!

Dear Young People:

We have at last two pages all our own, and I want you, every one of you, to join with me in making these pages the best Young People's pages ever seen. That sounds ambitious — doesn't it? But without ambition one doesn't get very far. So we are going to aim high. IT CAN BE DONE if we all put on our thinking caps and think hard. Thinking, however, is not enough; so when you have thought very hard, we want you to sit down and write to the Captain, and tell

him just what you think of the Young People's Pages, and what you would like to see in them. The Captain will answer each letter personally, and will publish the letters, or at least part of them, in the next number of "The Field at Home."

So all get busy now, and let's see who has the best ideas.

Yours very truly,
THE CAPTAIN, Y.M.C.K.

YOUNG MISSIONARIES OF CHRIST THE KING

In our last number we promised to tell you all about the Young Missionaries of Christ the King. Some years ago this Society was founded in the West, and progressed so rapidly that we wish now to extend its activities to the East as well. We want all young readers of The Field at Home to become Young Missionaries of Christ the King. The rules are simple; we print them below; so no one need be afraid and think that he or she is going to be asked to do something very hard.

Rules and Regulations

As the Knights in the days of old fought for their King, so the Catholic young people will gather under the standard of Christ the King, and pledge to Him their loyalty and service. They will be always and everywhere proud of their Faith and staunch upholders of the Holy Catho-

lic Church to which they have the honor to belong. As missionaries are sent to bring the Word of God to those who know it not, so the Young Missionaries of Christ the King are to bring the message of God wherever they go. To do this they must learn all they can about their religion so as to be able to impart to others the knowledge they have gained.

1. The Patrons of the Young Missionaries shall be Christ the King, His Blessed Mother, St. Michael the Archangel and the Little Flower of Jesus.
2. A Young Missionary will say the following prayer every morning on rising:—

"O, Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings of this day for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart."

N.B.—Those who belong to the Apostleship of Prayer will add at the end of the Morning Offering the Special Intention recommended each month.

Before going to bed at night a Young Missionary will say three Hail Marys to the Immaculate Mother to ask her to keep all Young Missionaries pure and spotless for her Divine Son.

3. A Young Missionary will try and learn all possible about our Holy Religion, so as to be able to instruct others. Great attention should be paid to Catechism lessons and the reading of Catholic books.
4. A Young Missionary will try and bring others to the love and knowledge of our Holy Faith, especially those Catholics who are not practising their religion.
5. A Young Missionary should never use or listen to foul or bad language. If others use it in your presence, show by your manner that you do not like it, and they will soon stop.
6. A Young Missionary should never lose an opportunity of going to Mass or Holy Communion. A Young Missionary should say at least every day some little prayer for the Missionaries working in the Home and Foreign Mission Fields.
7. A Young Missionary must be a true and loyal member of the Church on every occasion.

Our Motto

"All for Thee, O Christ the King."

HE GIVES TWICE WHO GIVES QUICKLY

So now you see what a Young Missionary has to do. It isn't very hard — but it means a great deal.

WILL YOU JOIN US? If so:—

Write to the Captain, c-o The Field at Home, 2 Wellesley Place Toronto, Ont., and give us your name and address, adding that you want to become a Young Missionary of Christ the King. We will then send you a card of membership and a copy of the rules, also the words of the Young Missionaries' official song.

There is also a beautiful badge for all Young Missionaries to wear. It is the official badge of the society and costs 25c.

Y.M.C.K. Official Song

(Sung to the air of "O My Darling Clementine.")

We are Catholics, loyal Catholics,
Soldiers true of Christ the King,
And as fervent Missionaries
Many souls to Him we'll bring.

Chorus

Hearts and voices gladly blending
Long and loudly let us sing,
This our motto, this our watch-
word:

"All for Thee, O Christ the
King."

Ever loyal, ever faithful,
To our King we'll ever be
Always keeping His Commandments
And His precepts manfully.

Chorus

Always mindful of our calling,
The Holy Faith we'll try to spread,
Daily proving by example
'Tis the Truth by which we're led.

Chorus

Faith our armour, truth our breastplate,
And our shield, great purity;
With our weapons ever ready
We will win the victory.

Chorus

Christ, our Leader, will protect us,
In our daily combats here;
In His strength we can do all things
If we only persevere.

Chorus

School Teacher—"Where was Magna Charta signed?"

Tommy (after deep thought)—"At the bottom of the page."

"IF ONE IS FULL OF THE THOUGHT OF JESUS, ONE IS FULL OF CHARITY."—CHARLES DE FOUCAULD

THINGS A YOUNG MISSIONARY CAN DO.

1. Form a Y.M.C.K. Circle in your school, or in the district where you live.

Let several young people get together and chose from amongst themselves a leader — this leader may be either a boy or a girl. The duties of a leader are to keep the little band together, and to see that each one of the band is living up to his or her obligations as a Young Missionary of Christ the King. Regular meetings may be held, or study clubs organized. During the meetings business could be discussed, and the discussion could be followed by suitable recreation or entertainment. At the same time as a Leader is chosen, it would be well to elect a Secretary and Treasurer, the Secretary's duties being to do any writing necessary, such as writing up the account of the meeting held, and sending it to "The Field at Home" for publication. The Treasurer should look after any money that might be taken in.

2. A group of young Missionaries together could collect Catholic books or magazines. These could be used to form a library for your own use, or could be sent into "The Field at Home" to be sent out to the Missions.

3. Several young Missionaries together could get up a little concert or entertainment. The money taken in could be used to buy books, or could be sent

to the Missions.

4. A Young Missionary could send for a Dime Saver or a Mite Box and collect money for the Missions.

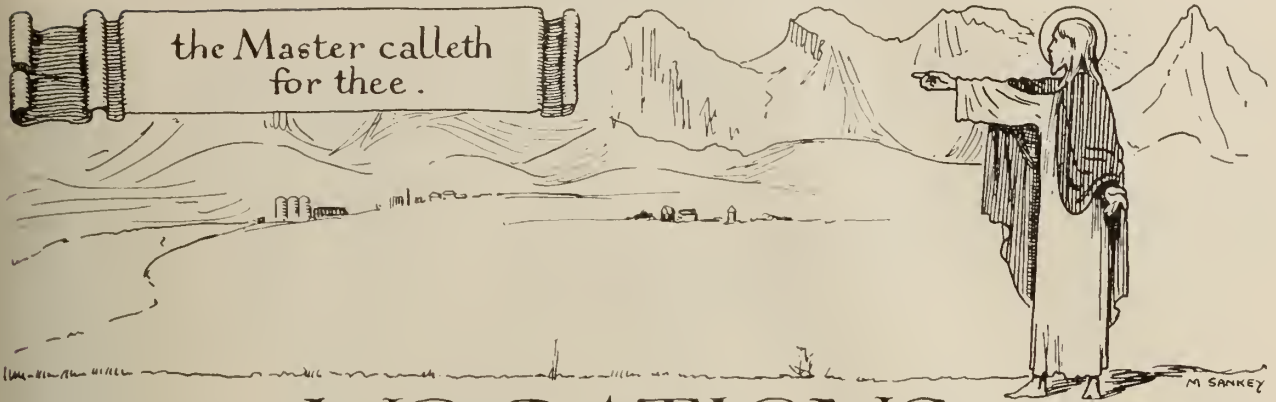
These are only a few suggestions, but I feel sure that the fertile brains of our young readers will think of many other things that a Young Missionary could do. When you think of them, just sit down and write about them to the Captain. They will then be published in the next Field at Home for all to read.

MESSRS. "MEANT TO" AND "DIDN'T DO."

Mr. "Meant to" has a comrade,
And his name is 'Didn't do.'
Have you ever chanced to meet them?
Did they ever call on you?
These two fellows live together
In the house of "Never-win,"
And I'm told that it is haunted
By the ghost of "might have been."



*Two young Missionaries of
Christ the King in
Saskatchewan.*



VOCATIONS

A CHALLENGE

Countless gratuitous services — social, medical and educational — are rendered to "our people" out West by the various non-Catholic denominations. The price often paid in return is the loss, or at least the weakening, of their Faith.

The conditions which prevail in our cities and throughout the wide stretches of our Prairie Provinces are a challenge to the apostolic spirit of our Canadian Catholics.

This challenge has in late years been picked up by our various Sisterhoods. More than ever before they are extending their missionary services into the hinterland of our country, taking small schools and opening cottage hospitals. But how weak are their forces when compared to the tremendous needs of the hour! More vocations and more resources for the Home Mission Field are wanted now more than ever.

In recent years the foundation of the Institute of the Sisters of Service was an answer to this open challenge to our Catholic apostolate. They are yet but a handful, lost in our immense land. They wait for recruits to extend the field of their missionary work. How many will come during the year 1931? Young Catholic women, the answer is in your hands! Do you accept the challenge — or will you let it go unheeded?

SISTERS OF SERVICE,

2 Wellesley Place,
Toronto.

Correspondence is invited.

ENTERING THE CONVENT.

Come, Jesus, swift unbar Thy gate—

I stand without and knock;
oh! see,

Long years, dear Love, Thou
bad'st me wait,

But now Thou openest to
me!

Ah! Love, I see Thee through
the bars,

The convent bars, come smiling
down;

Thou comest, Love! and all the
stars

Are in Thy Hand to be my
crown.

Yes, all the stars of heaven are
there,

There Hope and Joy flame
out once more,

Like Thy new fire at Easter
fair—

The hope and joy I feared
were o'er.

Dear Love, Thou openest the
gate,

My bridal robes are in Thy
Hand—

No longer now to sigh and
wait,

But white-veiled at Thy side
to stand.

With secret splendors all in-
wrought,

The habit given me to-day;
The cross, the thorny crown

have caught

Their radiance from the stars
of May.

THE BATTLEMENTS OF ETERNITY

A day will come for each one of us, it may be in the distant years of the future, or its dawn may even now be breaking over the hills, when we shall find ourselves standing on the Battlements of Eternity, face to face with our Saviour and our Judge.

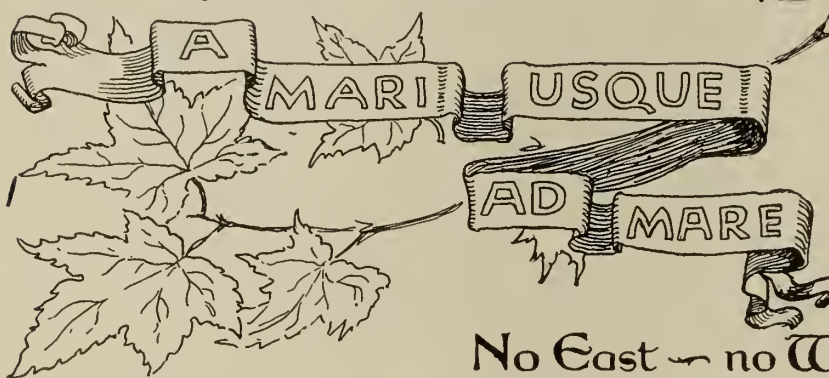
As we stand there, our life as a swiftly-moving picture will pass before us. Its lights and shadows will stand out clearly, and in the light of the Sun of Justice we shall see things as they really are. We shall then realise fully the meaning of every event, the worth of our actions, and the value that God has placed upon them. Childhood, youth, maturity, old age, and that last irrevocable act, death; each with its joys, sorrows and pains will pass before our bewildered eyes as a flash of lightning. We may try to arrest the progress of this picture; to veil some parts of which we are ashamed; but as a mirror reflects faithfully, even to the smallest detail, an image placed before it, so we find in the Eternal Mirror of Truth every little incident of our lives portrayed — even our most secret thoughts. Nothing can be hidden.

Death, and what comes after, is a most solemn thought. It is a thought that has made men into saints; but we often pass it over as something too far off to be thought of now. Yet death is coming swiftly, and soon we shall have to stand before our Judge to render an account of our stewardship. What will that account be? Will it be a record of lost opportunities, neglected inspirations, hours wasted, vain regrets, or shall we be able to look into that Face — the Face of the most beautiful of the sons of

(Continued on Page 15)

OPEN YOUR HEART TO THE CALL OF HUMANITY

CANADIANA



No East — no West.... just Canada.

CANADA'S NEW FRONTIER

"Attention has been drawn to the Peace River country in the last few years by the prize wheat grown by Herman Trelle and Joseph Smith, and their achievements have served to advertise this new frontier. The Department of the Interior has now issued a third and revised edition of its pamphlet, "The Peace River Country, Canada," by F. H. Kitto, F.R.G.S., which describes the land, its resources and opportunities. It is a vast territory that is dealt with and the facts presented are surprising. The heart of this land lies 300 miles north of Edmonton and is now experiencing an active era of colonization and development. The whole area covers nearly 145,000 square miles, the agricultural part of which has an area of about 60,000,000 acres, exceeding the combined area of England, Wales and Scotland. Of this it is estimated that 15,000,000 acres is suitable for grain-growing. Although it is a northern land, it has been demonstrated beyond question that the combination of favorable climate, moderate precipitation and good soil guarantees this area as being one of the world's great wheat and mixed farming reserves. Its development is well under way. The winters are severe, being marked by dips to low temperatures, but they are modified by the soft Chinook winds that frequently blow through

the mountain passes from the Pacific Ocean. The snowfall varies from light to heavy, the air is dry, the sunshine liberal, and blizzards are unknown. Ice on the rivers breaks up late in April in the Upper Peace district or early in May at Fort Vermilion. Harvesting commences fairly early in August, and September and October are stated to be especially pleasant months. Winter sets in early in November, although fairly mild weather until Christmas is not uncommon. In midsummer the rate of growth is rapid, especially with regard to grasses, cereals, vegetables, shrubs and smaller plants. Horses run at large all the year round and both beef and dairy cattle thrive. The cattle may be kept out all through the winter, although rough shelter is required in some parts and some feeding is necessary. Turkeys are easily raised also. The activities of the settlers are directed to straight grain-growing, principally of spring wheat, mixed farming and ranching. There is much park-like land, but by far the greater portion of the area is wooded. Excellent stands of white spruce are found in most of the valleys. Coal is also present, and there are various minerals, while game, fur-bearing animals and fish are plentiful. It is a territory of natural wealth. In 1911 there were only 2,000 souls in the district, comprising settlers, traders, missionaries and Indians. In 1921 the population was 20,000, according to the census, while at present there

are 60,000 inhabitants. To serve this population there are 25 branches of the great Canadian banks and north of the Athabaska River there are 408 miles of railway. There are more than 3,000 automobiles and 1,000 farm tractors and the acreage of new land broken in 1929 was 120,000, there being 627,000 acres under crop that year. The grain crop amounted to 13,500,000 bushels. Peace River and Grande Prairie are important incorporated towns and there are eight villages and five rural municipalities. These facts show the progress made in little more than a decade and are proof that this new frontier is solidly established."—Montreal Gazette.

Encouraging Contrast.

With the contrast between conditions in Canada and those in other countries in mind, it is evident that employment is being maintained at relatively high levels. New industries are coming to Canada in large numbers and the number of enquiries received as to the possibilities for other new industries is unprecedented. Diversification in agriculture is making rapid progress. As the farmer becomes less dependent upon a single source of income, his revenue will be more stable. Our whole industrial activity has been maintained at a sur-

prisingly high level. That Canada has come through a world-wide depression in so much better condition than have other countries, is a comment on the strength of Canadian economy and finance. This is the best evidence that the return of normality in world affairs will herald the resumption of expansion in Canada.—Royal Bank Monthly Bulletin.

CANADIAN WHEAT HOLDS SUPREMACY.

It is now twenty years since the wheat championship competition was inaugurated. During these twenty years Canada has carried off the championship no fewer than sixteen times. Sixteen years out of twenty is a wonderful record for Canadian wheat-growers.

For the second time Mr. Herman Trelle of Wembley is the winner of this championship. The striking feature of this fact is that Wembley is in our Peace River district. This goes to prove that our northern country is coming into its own. A few decades ago the cry was: Go West, young man! To-day the watchword to youth is: Go north!

We are proud to say that Herman Trelle is a Catholic, of German extract, born in the United States.

OUR IMMIGRATION POLICY.

The immigration situation in Canada has changed in ten years from that of a country rather eagerly anticipating a large movement of immigrants to that of a country which declines to accept immigrants in any numbers unless they have the means to establish themselves in Canada and can so establish themselves without in any way contributing to unemployment in this country. The change in policy which accompanied the transfer of the Dominion lands in Manitoba and Saskatchewan to the administration of the Provincial Governments, as a re-

sult of which the granting of free homesteads is discontinued in those Provinces, is also a factor affecting the present situation, as is also the continually increasing use of power machinery on the farms and in other lines of industry. For the moment Canada seems to have attained a position in which she can afford to be largely self-contained in the matter of population. The return of prosperity in other countries of the world, coupled with a definite policy to promote as far as possible the production in Canada of those things consumed in Canada, may be expected to bring about conditions under which development of this country will be so rapid that a substantial stream of selected immigration will be necessary in order that the fullest prosperity may be attained.

HYDRO-ELECTRIC DEVELOPMENT IN CANADA

Despite Canada's remarkable progress in hydro-electric development, in certain phases of which she leads the entire world, an insignificant part of the Dominion's energy lying in her great water powers has as yet been harnessed. According to estimate, there is available 24-hour power at 80 per cent. efficiency at ordinary six months' flow 33,113,200 h.p., so that actual turbine installation at the end of 1928 represented but slightly over 16 per cent. of the

total. Every civilized country is exerting effort to secure additional supplies of low-priced power for the needs of industry, and Canada is in the van, actively providing power for industrial, commercial and domestic purposes, from her advantageously situated water powers. The present situation augurs well for the future of Canadian industrial life and Dominion existence in general.—C.P.R., "Agricultural and Industrial Progress," Feb., 1929.

THE BATTLEMENTS OF ETERNITY

(Continued from Page 13)

men — and say: "Behold, Lord, I gave you all. Every fibre of my being was dedicated to your service. I lived for You. I died for you." Oh! at that supreme moment, the little sacrifices and sufferings of this world will seem as nothing when compared to the smile of the Master and the sound of His Voice saying. "Well done."

M. L. M.

THE MISSIONARY'S PRAYER

Jesus, before the record of my life
is chiseled on a rain-worn stone

In two mute dates,

Let me be a teacher of Thy Name
And light within ten thousand
hearts

Thy love's eternal flame.

—A. X. Mc.

In "Jesuit Missions."

If your subscription to the Field at Home falls due with this issue, would it be asking too much to continue your interest in the missionary endeavour by sending us a renewal? This is an easy way to help the Mission cause.

Subscription rate, \$1.00 per year.





THANKS !

In the last number of "The Field at Home" we made an appeal for a set of the Catholic Encyclopaedia. That appeal was answered by Rev. Father B. Doyle of Welland, and sixteen beautiful volumes of the Encyclopaedia are now reposing in the Editor's office. We wish to offer Rev. Father Doyle our most sincere thanks. His gift is much appreciated.

We also wish to thank the Catholic Women's League of London, Ontario, for Christmas boxes sent to our Sisters in Camp Morton and St. Bride's respectively. Letters from the Sisters

who received them state that these boxes contained just what was needed, and that they provided comfort and happiness to many of God's poor. In their name we wish to thank the C.W.L. of London for their generosity.

A beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart is now at the Motherhouse waiting to be sent out to the Missions. This statue is the gift of Miss Coates, the sister of one of our novices. Miss Coates has our heartfelt thanks and we feel sure that her statue will do much good wherever it goes, and will bring souls to a greater love of the Sacred Heart.

Our heartfelt gratitude goes

out to those who so kindly sold tickets for the drawing of our Hope Chest. The response to the appeal we made was a most generous one, and we wish to thank most sincerely those kind friends who disposed of books of tickets, and those who bought them.

WINNER OF HOPE CHEST.

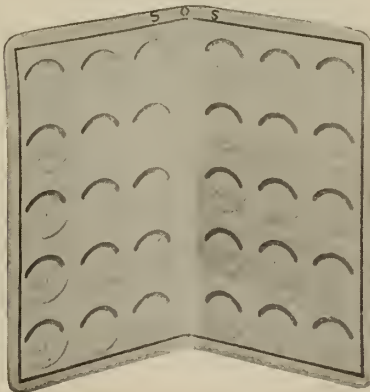
We are pleased to announce that the Hope Chest drawn for on March 19th, was won by—

Mrs. Powlowski.

136 Denison Ave.,

Toronto, Ont.

"OUR SILENT BEGGAR"



WANTED 750,000 DIMES

Who would refuse 10 cents for a cause in which the Church and Canada are so deeply interested?

When Catholic women are found to give generously their **life** to this sacred cause, who would refuse a **dime** for their support?

"Gather up the fragments that remain lest they be lost"—in selfish pleasures.

So ask for a dime saver to-day; to-morrow you may forget to do so. **DO IT NOW!**

Some are born leaders. Be a **captain** and ask for 10 dime-savers. Your friends will do the work for you and with you. There is great joy in being a leader—Be a **captain**.

GOD BLESS AND REWARD OUR BENEFACTORS

S - O - S

*The works of the Church are built and rest
on the "little" sacrifices of "many"*

THE



ENDEAVOUR

OF THE

SISTERS OF SERVICE

Appeals to our Catholic Canadians for

1 Million Canadian Dimes

For the Support and Extension of their Missionary
Work in the Great Home-Mission Field of Canada

IT CAN BE DONE!

Catholic Canadians have the
means ... and the will to do it.

WHO WOULD REFUSE A DIME ?

"I have come to serve"

The Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.

CORRESPONDENCE IS INVITED.

Send for a Dime Saver Today

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



*Canada
Needs
the
Sisters
of
Service*

*The
Sisters
of
Service
Need
Canada*

Headquarters—2 Wellesley Place, Toronto
Novitiate—60 Glen Road, Toronto

MISSIONS

Halifax, N.S.....	Port Work	Camp Morton, Man.....	2 Schools
Quebec, Que.....	Port Work	Edmonton, Alta.....	Catechetical Centre
Montreal, Que.....	Hostel	Edmonton, Alta.....	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.....	Hostel	Vilna, Alta.....	Hospital and School
Winnipeg, Man.....	Hostel	Edson, Alta.....	Hospital
Vancouver, B.C.....		Hostel	

Correspondence is Invited

The Field At Home



S.O.S

CATHOLIC

NATIONAL



SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"The Bishops of Canada recommend the zealous and devoted activities of the Sisters of Service."

—*Report of the plenary meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy, Quebec, Oct., 1928.*

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"Surely the Lord has inspired this foundation . . . The prospect of the 'Sisters of Service' comes as a ray of light and a beam of hope."

✠ TIMOTHY CASEY,
Archbishop of Vancouver.

"Happy was the inspiration that led to the foundation of the new Sisterhood of the 'Sisters of Service,' whose specific work will be the most abandoned souls, particularly throughout our Western Provinces."

✠ O. E. MATHIEU,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

"The endeavour of the Sisters of Service is a record of splendid achievement and useful work for the Dominion, and I know from the little experience I have personally of

the work of your Order how much self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity goes with it."

—*Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways.*

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work."—*The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization—to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." Government House. SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK. Quebec, August 22, 1923.

"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*



The Church Advances Forward

THE Church of God is like an army living under canvas, and always ready to strike her tents for an advance march. She is ever restless, always dreaming of fresh conquests for Jesus Christ; always planning new campaigns to push back the frontiers of His Kingdom.

The headquarters of the advance guard of the Church are the Congregation of the Propaganda Fide in Rome. There, plans of campaigns are drawn, Bishops and Apostolic Vicars — the generals of the various sectors of the line of battle — are chosen; policies are formulated. We may rightly say that Propaganda is the very heart of the Apostolic life of the Church. There we can listen to its throbbings, to the ebb and flow of that tide which sweeps the very confines of the earth.

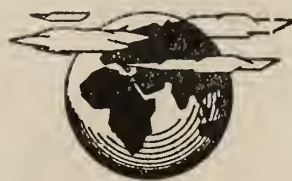
One may read with interest and pride the article by Reverend Father Charles, S.J., "Missionary Landmarks in 1930," which we publish in this issue. It gives a glimpse of the Church's advance march, and furnishes us with matter for deep reflection.

Undoubtedly the greatest cause of the recent advances of the Church in the Foreign Mission Field has been the naturalization of the clergy, so strongly advocated by Popes Benedict XV. and Pius XI. In the lowest and in the highest ranks of the clergy the sons of the soil are now to be found. This has taken away from the Church the suspicion of nationalism, and stressed her Divine catholicism. In the Asiatic countries particularly, Europeanism had, unconsciously we hope, thwarted her onward march.

The generosity of Catholics towards their missions is also on the increase. The annual reports of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith prove it. These contributions, that come from all parts of the world, form the war-chest of the Militant Church. While the offerings of the faithful given for parochial and diocesan purposes go to strengthen and keep up the Church in organized districts, the contributions to the Missions help to establish her in new territories.

The successes of the Church should become a source of new and ever-increasing activity. Nothing stimulates more a fighting battalion than victory. Victory stirs to action; calls for more battles. If we, therefore, have placed before the eyes of our readers the conquests of the Church, it is not that they may merely fondle the laurels on the brow of their Spiritual Mother, but rather that they may strike another advance march. *Vexilla Regis Prodeunt!* The banners of our King are unfurled to the four winds, under every clime let us follow them by our prayers and our liberalities!

G. DALY, C.S.S.R.



OUR LIVES ARE MEASURED NOT BY YEARS, BUT BY OUR DEEDS.

Notes and Comments

MOMENTOUS PRONOUNCEMENT.

On the occasion of the 40th anniversary of the publication of the "Rerum Novarum" of Leo XIII., Pope Pius XI., in his Encyclical Letter, "Quadragesimo Anno," made a pronouncement which is bound to have a tremendous echo and awaken great reactions in our present economic system throughout the world. A proof of this statement is to be found in an article published by "The Observer"—in the Toronto "Daily Star" of May 27th:

"On no one in all the world rests such responsibility as on the head of the Roman Catholic Church. As the holder of the most ancient of human sovereignties, and the most deeply and variously experienced there is no one whose deliverances on moral questions command such respect.

And so when the Encyclical pillories modern economic life as "hard, cruel, relentless in ghastly measure," it will be, I think, difficult for any one to object to the statement as emotional or exaggerated. There can be no personal bitterness in it, nothing of the rant of the demagogue. When from his serene and detached and lofty height the man who is in a position to be the best informed of all men passes such sentence upon our self-confident business life, hitherto the chief glory of the western world, the severest condemnation on modern business which, as far as my knowledge goes, any very influential church body or personage has in her day passed upon it, the effect is immeasurable.

One feels that after such an utterance it is impossible for any apologist for our present system to urge that the inequitable and distressful features of modern business are mere excrescences or temporary irregularities due to occasional misadjustments. "Hard, cruel and relentless in ghastly measure." Not the most skilful master of speech can explain away or break the force of that tremendous condemnation. It seems to me as inspired a word as was ever uttered by any in the long line of Popes. It makes a breach in the wall of our capitalistic system which, I venture to think, can never be closed again, and through which innumerable enemies of that system will pour, who could not themselves have made such a breach.

Plainly such an utterance, far

more destructive than a thousand soap-box speeches of Communistic orators, cannot be met by police action. Plainly, too, it cannot be met by silent contempt. If our western lands are to be preserved from the tremendous and growing peril of Russian Communism we must do something more than provide soup kitchens and night shelters. The justified and ever fiercer discontents of the workers must be met by something more than optimistic oratory. The Russian five-year plan must be confronted by a better plan. Constructive and substantial changes must be inaugurated—and soon. Comfortable people are apt to say easily of changes imperatively required, "Time will bring them about," forgetful, "as George Meredith says, "that the devil's imps enter into no such armistice."

* * *

THE BEST FORM OF CATHOLIC ACTION.

A practical interest in the Mission Fields of the Church is the greatest exemplification of that Catholic Action which Our Holy Father has so much stressed of late in his letters and addresses to the Catholic World. What, indeed, does Catholic action stand for? It is nothing else but the forwarding of God's interests and those of His Church by the Catholics at large. Could this be better fulfilled than by spreading and strengthening the Kingdom of God through missionary activity.

A purely emotional interest in the Mission Field is wasteful. What is needed is to put into practical action what the Holy Father has so often repeated on this subject.

* * *

THE CATHOLIC MOTHER.

The most serious defect which the Catholic mother must avoid is the neglect of her own spiritual life. This, it is true, directly concerns herself alone. But, though she is the first and the greatest sufferer from this defect, it is one that will surely, though perhaps slowly, affect her children.

If the mother is not in all things guided by the spirit of faith, so that the inner life remains unwarmed by the love of God; if she has not the holy fear of the Creator in her heart; if the great truths of religion, the necessity of the salvation of the soul, the dread of sin and its punishments have not made a deep and lasting impression on her heart,

she can not impress these truths in a vital and striking manner on the hearts of her children.

The household of the mother whose faith is weak, whose heart is not fired by prayer and union with God, is not the one in which the noblest virtues bloom.

* * *

THE FOREIGNER IN CANADA.

"Serious as is the present situation among the farmers of Western Canada, there is one class which appears to be feeling the pinch less than others, that is the individual who came from Continental Europe. Those settlers, generally speaking, practise diversification in their farming operations to a very great extent."

This was the statement of Dr. W. J. Black, Director of Colonization and Agriculture for the Canadian National Railways, after a tour through the West, during which he gave special study to conditions among the farming communities.

"The European settler is accustomed to intensive farming and seems to have the knack of making use of the land resources to the very last degree," said Dr. Black. "This was strikingly revealed last autumn during the survey made of some of those communities by the judges officiating in the community progress competitions which we inaugurated last year for communities of European origin. In almost every household visited by the judges, there was an air of plenty, created by well-stocked cellars and larders, where were stored preserved products of all the types possible to produce on prairie soil. These families to-day are not feeling the pinch of the agricultural depression in the way that many others do, and a happy feature of the whole situation is that this applies very generally to all settlements of this class."—New Freeman.

* * *

CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT WORK.

In his talk to the C.W.L. of Toronto, Father P. Stroh, C.S.S.R., stressed the need of settlement work among the foreigners within our gates. The subject led the speaker to make some very pointed remarks. His lecture is published in leaflet form. We would wish to see it widely read, particularly in our cities, where the problem of caring for the immigrant through settlement work has to be faced if we do not desire to see our Catholics robbed of their Faith through other agencies ever at work among them.

This leaflet will be sent willingly to anyone who will apply for it. Write to Rev. Father Stroh, C.S.S.R., 141 McCaul St., Toronto.

GET YOUR FRIEND TO SUBSCRIBE TO "THE FIELD AT HOME."

MISSIONARIES SUPPLY NEEDED
HEROISM.

We always meet a certain number of persons who say: "What is the good of spending money and men on foreign or native missions when there is so much work that needs to be done at home?" If you say: "The Church is missionary in essence, and her whole history has been a missionizing one," they agree, and remind one that Cardinal Manning said to the foundress of the Marie Auxiliatrice nuns that East London should be her China. If one says that distant missions are very good for the missionaries and for all the clergy everywhere, and if (with some surprise) they ask why one thinks that, the answer simply is that the Church requires, and the clergy require, and nuns require, a large dose of HEROIC WORK if they are to keep up to the standard set by Our Lord, His Apostles, and the whole of Catholic history. To which if they answer that plenty of priests, whether in the rush of cities or the monotony of country parts, work very hard and often heroically, I reply that that is so, thank God; but also, that very many more excellent men and women whom we respect and love still do not guess what really HEROIC work is, and it is heroic work that we need. They do not guess it, simply because its exigencies have not reached their imagination; once they guessed it they would provide it. Meanwhile, it is possible to work quite hard and still to be pretty comfortable; but what we want is a great company of those knarled and knotted men, those infinitely patient and sweet, but blanching and withered women, who sacrifice absolutely everything that provides pads and cushions for life, whether in the bitter cold of Alaska or in the furious heat of Centralia.—Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.

PEASANT FAITH.

Father C. C. Martindale, S.J., tells in *The Southern Cross* a beautiful incident he says he loves:

"I was in Austria during a terrible time after the War and the peasants were all but starving. An incredibly destitute, miserable, ugly, helpless crowd had been gathered together, and were being given food. During the meal, the story of the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand was read to them. An old man smiled when the part about collecting the 'fragments left over' was read. 'That is like the dear Lord,' he said. 'He does not like waste.' Then he looked round the table, smiled again, and said: 'We are the fragments' His small granddaught-

er said to him: 'But what can the dear Lord do with the fragments?'" The old man answered: "*He will keep us for His own table.*" Words how profound; how sublime! How penetrating an insight into the Sacred Heart! What no man else could use Jesus will prize. No need to add my commentary upon that old man's words. Meditate them, and love them, as I do."

A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN
CONVERT.

The *Evangelischer Bund*, a German Evangelical paper, commenting on the recent conversion of Dr. Eric Adolf Peterson, the Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology at the University of Bonn, says: "Though we respect any serious personal decision, we regret with deep sorrow this step of Dr. Peterson."

Other Protestant comments note the fact that in the matter of conversion it is the Catholic Church which profits, for she often wins Protestant leaders and persons of notable talent and achievement in one field and another, whereas the Catholics who become Protestants are rarely influential people.

FEMINISM.

"Christian chivalry placed woman on a pedestal for reverence, the restraining influence of her moral principles in no way impaired her freedom for the enjoyment of the new dignity with which she was so gladly invested. Does the descent from that post of high honor, to measure swords in the arena with the opposite sex, to the uplifting of which she is pledged by the very superiority of her innate refinement, give her assurance of greater liberty, or does it not rivet with more subtle force the degrading fetters that once bound her so miser-

ably? The indulgence of the material forces at the expense of the spiritual forces has ever been a fatal move in human action; but it is never so disastrous as when finding an asylum in woman's heart.—The Casket.

THE SISTERS OF SERVICE AT
THE INTERNATIONAL CON-
FERENCE OF "CARITAS
CATHOLICA."

There took place in Basle, Switzerland, last September, an International Conference of Catholic Charities. One section of this conference was taken up with the problem of immigration and its effects on the Church. We have just received a report of this conference, and the General President states, in a letter to us accompanying the report, the following:

"The report you kindly sent to us was very much appreciated and the Sisters of Service much spoken of and admired. Thanks to your activity and your organization, immigrants must be in better condition in Canada than in other countries. We try to get as much information as possible, and we hope that you will continue to let us hear of your doings and progress. As you will see in the enclosed report, we endeavour to get in contact with every organization interested in migrants."

These remarks on the work of the Sisters of Service are surely gratifying. It has been a conviction with us that through migration of Catholic people a great leakage has occurred of late years in the ranks of the Church. We must admit that, although Catholic in our belief, we at times fail to be Catholic in its application to social work, particularly on an international scale. This is most applicable to immigration where at times the lines of nationalism are sharply drawn.

G. D.

Raymond Marie Rouleau, O.P.

Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec.

The Church in Canada has sustained a great loss in the death of His Eminence, Cardinal Raymond Marie Rouleau, who died in Quebec, May 31st, 1931.

In union with the Church, and the Order to which he belonged, we mourn his loss, and pray for the everlasting repose of his soul.

May he rest in peace.



HE WHO LOVES GOD, LOVES ALL THAT HE LOVES.—ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA.



"I have come to serve"

AT HEADQUARTERS

Bishop" really looked like.

To Bishop O'Sullivan in his new field of labour we wish God's choicest blessings.

Ave Maria!

On the last Saturday of May our Novitiate resembled a veritable bower of flowers, for in almost every room, in the chapel, and on the stairway beautifully decorated shrines were erected to honour "Our Spotless Blessed Lady, the lovely Queen of the May."

At seven in the evening a procession started. Preceded by a banner the ranks of postulants, novices and professed Sisters slowly wended their way through the house singing hymns to honour Our Blessed Mother. "Hail Holy Queen, enthroned above," "Ave Maria, O Maiden, O Mother," "Hail Virgin dearest Mother," they sang as the procession passed from one shrine of Mary to another, and the words of the gentle Catholic poetess, Adelaide Proctor, came to mind.

"I will ask for one grace, O Mother

And will leave the rest to thy will;

From one shrine of thine to another,

Let my life be a pilgrimage still!

At each one, O Mother of Mercy!

Let still more of thy love be given,

Till I kneel at the last and brightest,

The Throne of the Queen of Heaven."

And at last the procession halted at the Feet of Our Blessed Lord, and in the beautiful Novitiate chapel Benediction was given, and the solemn Act of Consecration to our Lady read, in the name of all Sisters of Service, present and absent, by Reverend Father Daly. An Act by which Mary was proclaimed once more Queen and Mistress of our Institute. These events, so dear to all Religious, seem to serve as the connecting link between Heaven and Earth, and make us realize that the veil which hangs between is not so heavy after all.

"THE FORTY HOURS."

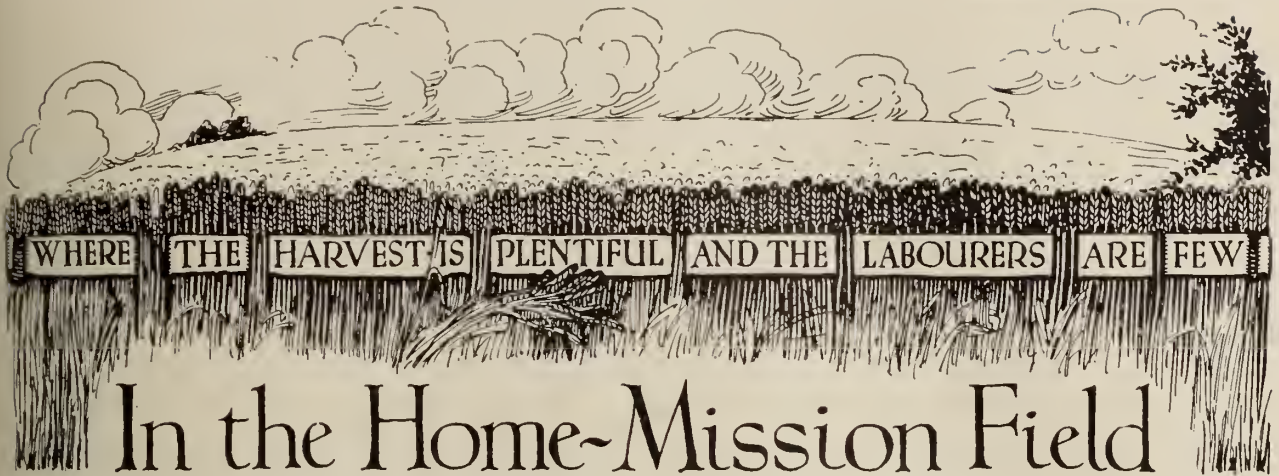
Starting on June 10th, and ending on the feast of the Sacred Heart we were privileged in having the forty hours' exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in our Novitiate chapel. High Mass was sung each day by Reverend Father Clair, and the evening closed with a sermon by Very Reverend P. Costello, C.S.S.R., and Benediction. The little chapel, radiant with its soft lights and fragrant flowers, seemed like the very ante-chamber to Heaven, and with hearts full of gratitude for God's great Gift of Love, we murmured: "Sweet Sacrament most Holy, Sweet Sacrament Divine, All praise and all thanksgiving be every moment Thine."

Distinguished Visitors.

On May 25th, the Sisters at the Motherhouse were honoured by a visit from His Excellency, Most Reverend A. Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. His Excellency said Mass in our little chapel, and afterwards addressed a few words to the Sisters telling them that he, as representative of the Holy Father, who was the "Servum Servorum" (Servant of Servants) had a special place in the Community of the Sisters of Service whose motto is "I have come to serve." His Excellency ended his little talk by imparting to the Sisters, present in the chapel, and on the Mission Field, the Papal Benediction.

During the month of May we had a surprise visit from His Excellency, Bishop O'Sullivan, the newly consecrated Bishop of Charlottetown. He came to assure us of his friendship, and to show us what "a brand new

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT IS THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST. (POPE PIUS XI.).



ALONG THE MISSION TRAIL

TORONTO.

On Sunday, the last day of May, our Overseas girls from the Catholic Hostel held their annual procession in honour of Our Blessed Mother.

A procession is always an inspiring sight. It is a solemn manifestation of joy, or a petition for mercy, and in this case it was expressive of joy in Our Blessed Mother's prerogatives, and a petition to her, the Mother of us all, to show herself in an especial manner a Mother to these her children whose homes and dear ones are so far away.

It was a pretty as well as an inspiring sight to see over a hundred girls, many of them dressed in white, leaving the Hostel in ranks of two, and wending their way through the Convent and Hostel grounds. The sweet words of well-known hymns filled the air, and banners waved in the summer breeze. In the garden at the back of the Hostel a beautiful shrine had been erected, and here, at the feet of the Blessed Mother, her children laid their floral offerings, and renewed their Act of Consecration. Here also, at the feet of the Madonna, they listened to a touching

sermon preached by Reverend Father Daly, C.S.S.R., in which he exhorted his listeners to have a greater devotion to their Blessed Mother, and a great fidelity to the ideals taught them by their parents in England, Ireland or Scotland, now so far away. "Never forget the dear ones at home," Father Daly concluded; "pray for them, keep their memory ever alive, and help them all you can."

The procession then proceeded to the Convent Chapel, where Benediction was given. At the close of the little ceremony a touching reference was made to the late Father Haley, former Hostel Chaplain, and prayers were asked for the eternal repose of his soul.

CAMP MORTON, MANITOBA.

We had a procession to close the May Devotions. The little girls wore veils and wreaths of real flowers. They also carried bouquets, which they laid at Our Lady's feet. The Shrine looked lovely, as the children had brought all the wild flowers they could find, and the statue was just lost in a bower of woodland



THE MAY PROCESSION OF THE CATHOLIC WOMEN'S HOSTEL GIRLS, TORONTO, 1911

"O Mary, we crown thee with blossoms to-day, Queen of the Angels, Queen of the May."

BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS, AND SO YOU SHALL FULFIL THE LAW OF CHRIST.

violets, marsh marigolds, sweet anemones and trilliums. One little girl crowned Our Lady, and a Grade VIII. pupil read the Act of Consecration. Afterwards we had Benediction, at which our full choir sang. We had Confirmation here two Sundays ago and fifty-five were confirmed. We also had a "Choir Supper," of which twenty-three partook, after which the choristers played games. At the close of the evening each one was presented with a holy picture and a miraculous medal. They are all wearing the medals in their coats, and seem to regard them as the choir badge. Next Sunday we shall have a Corpus Christi procession—which is a great event here. After that the First Communion for the children—our annual field day—Grade VIII. Final Examinations, and then—Finis!

EDSON, ALTA.

C.N.R. TRAIN WRECKED NEAR EDSON.

Train No. 1 Thrown from Track as Car Hits
Split Rail—Five Coaches Hurled Down
Embankment—29 People Injured.

We take this account from the "Jasper Signal" of April 14th, for it tells graphically of an event which affected our little Hospital at Edson. The paper continues: "On Sunday morning last Train No. 1 had left the Edson Yards only a few minutes when the air was pierced with the shrieks of the wreck singals. The wrecking crew arrived at the shops in record time, and a relief train was made up when it was learned that No. 1 had jumped the tracks and that there might be people seriously injured.

"The Sisters of Service in charge of St. John's Hospital (Edson, won the unstinted praise of those brought to their care. As soon as they were notified by Dr. Tiffin that the injured were on their way to the hospital, the Sisters made immediate preparation to receive them, although the hospital was full at the time. . . . The hospital was a veritable hive of activity as the stretchers and cars bearing the sufferers arrived."

We now give another view of the event, and quote from a letter from the Superior of our Edson Hospital to our Sisters in Toronto:—

"I have no doubt that you are anxious to hear something of the wreck, so I will give you a brief sketch of what took place from our end of it. About 5.45 a.m. the night nurse came to say that Dr. T had phoned to say there had been a wreck, but did not know the number of injured we would be asked to care for. I arose in a hurry, and as the hospital was full to start with, we moved all the convalescent patients into one room and then prepared the beds for the accident victims. At 9.30 I think it was, the rush began—stretcher cases and some patients walking came up to the hospital. I really don't know how many there were altogether, as some were just X-rayed or strapped up, and then sent on by a later train. Dr. O'Hagan and two nurses from Jasper,

and Dr. Braithwaite and three nurses from Edmonton, arrived. Officials and reporters were everywhere—phones ringing and people making inquiries or offering assistance; so you can imagine how busy we were."

And so days come and go in a little Western hospital. One day comparatively calm; the next, the staff called out to meet an emergency such as the foregoing. Most days, however, at Edson are busy, and the hospital has been taxed to its utmost capacity in order to accommodate the sick that come to its doors; so much so, that it has been found necessary to have a larger building, and a new hospital to contain thirty beds is now in process of construction, which we hope will be ready for occupancy some time in the Fall of the year.

VILNA, ALBERTA—OUR LADY'S HOSPITAL.

From Vilna there comes the news of a fire. We quote part of a letter written by one of the Sisters in Vilna to the Motherhouse in Toronto:

"I hardly know where to begin my tale of tragedy—for tragedy it is, at least to us. Last week the barn and ice house were burned to the ground, and

were therefore a total loss. I can't say how the barn caught fire, but it burned at a great speed when once started. I suppose things are never so bad that they couldn't be worse, for if the wind had changed ever so little, I hate to think what would have happened to the Hospital. . . . Everyone was very kind with offers of assistance. Undoubtedly they realize that we have troubles as well as they. The ice was saved, thank God, but we had to

build a new ice house with all possible speed. Men worked all that night and part of next day in order to erect it. The fire was a cross, and a hard one to bear, especially now when times are so difficult. But God is good, and perhaps even a fire will help in His work. Who knows?

We now have a statue of the Sacred Heart in the hall, where it can be seen by all who come to the hospital. A light constantly burns in front of this statue as a petition to the Sacred Heart for a blessing on our work. During the month of May, each evening after recreation, we said the Memorare and sang a hymn in honour of Our Blessed Lady asking her for a special blessing on our work. May our dear Lord and His Mother ever watch over us and help us.

"God loves us without measure; and we—shall we make Him no return? Ah! yes, we will seek out and draw towards Him souls for whom He died, as a pledge of our love and gratitude."—Mother M. of St. Euphrasia Pelletier.



St. John's Hospital, Edson, Alberta.

THERE IS NO LOVE WITHOUT SACRIFICE.

Catechetical Work in British Columbia

YESTERDAY we set out for our first Catechetical Tour in British Columbia, and I thought you would be interested to hear something about it.

At 10 a.m. the new "Essex" stood invitingly at the door. Sister C took the wheel, and off we went. The city roads were good, and we soon swung out from Victoria Drive onto the Pacific Highway. Once, well out into the country, we sat back with a sigh of satisfaction prepared to enjoy the glorious sunshine and the beautiful scenery around. Piled up in the seat behind was all our equipment—chart, catechism books, lantern and lantern slides—everything necessary in fact—except the most necessary thing of all—the Road Map! However the lack of it proved the courtesy and graciousness one meets on the road, and so clearly were we directed that we had no difficulty whatever in finding our way.

About eleven o'clock we passed through New Westminster—a promising little town, skirted by the mountains for a while—crossed the Fraser by bridge and then hit the crossroads. We stopped to read the signposts—Seattle, Hastings, Hot Springs, Cloverdale, and Mission City!

From Langley Prairie to Abbotsford, a distance of some forty miles, the trail twisted and wound with a picture at every corner. Past orchards and fruit farms we went, with here and there a chicken farm, which invariably drew from Sister C. a wistful, "O Sister, wasn't that a sight worth seeing." At one point, I, with my eyes rivetted on an embankment of Scotch Broom, golden with the springtime, answered enthusiastically, "Beautiful, wouldn't it be nice to stop on the way home, and take a bunch back to plant in the garden," the amazed glance that was turned on me set me wondering, then I laughed. Sister was thinking in terms of chickens, I of Scotch Broom!

After Abbotsford the road began to climb the mountain—up and up we toiled. At one bend we caught sight of a panorama which caused one to catch one's breath in amazement. Far down below lay the lovely Fraser Valley stretching to where the American Rockies, rose tier upon tier in glory, snow-capped and shimmering in the sunlight, with Mount Baker, the highest peak of all, majestically towering in the clouds. "God the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth." How clearly this country brings home the immensity potent in that little phrase of the Creed. Another turn of the wheel, and the road dipped down hiding the scene from view. As the descent grew steeper, road signs became more frequent. "Sharp curve ahead," "Drive slowly,"

"Keep to the right," across my mind flashed a sequel I had read somewhere, "Life's Highway—Temptations ahead—Keep always to the right."

About 12.45 we arrived at Mission, drove through the town and up the hill to the Indian Mission of the Oblate Fathers, from whence the place gets its name. Our work, however, did not lie here, but in one of the outlying districts where there was a class of thirteen children to be prepared for first Communion, and with less than a week to instruct them in.

As the car drove into the Mission Father L. came to welcome us. Such interest was shown in our Community, its aim, our habit, our equipment for teaching catechism, and especially in our Catechetical Correspondence Course carried on in Edmonton. The first greetings over Father took us over to the Convent for dinner, and there we met the six Sisters of St. Anne. They couldn't have been kinder to us—asked us many questions about our work, and in turn told us all about their work at Mission. We followed them about the place and saw everything there was to be seen, from the classroom where we ran the gauntlet of some hundred pairs of black Indian eyes—to the extensive orchards fragrant with delicate snowy bloom of pear and apple blossom. The intention of the mission it seems is to care for the Indian youth, and bring them up from babyhood in ways of civilization. They are cared for until they are about eighteen years of age, when they



A Catechism Class at Deroche, B.C.

ACCORDING TO THY ABILITY, BE MERCIFUL (TOBIAS IV.).



S.O.S. at Our Lady's Hospital, Vilna, Alberta.

are handed back to their parents, and all gratis! I smiled as I thought to myself how popular such free boarding schools would be in my native Scotland!

About 2.30 p.m. Father L. came and drove us out to Deroche, where my Sister companion was to teach. On the way we had to cross Nicomas Island—a miniature Holland—in the middle of the Fraser, walled in with mud dykes to keep the water out. But oh! the pasturage it affords. I never saw grass more green, or so many Jersey cows in one herd. At one house Father stopped and asked us to go in. To get there we had to cross a deep ditch, forded only by a plank. Going it was alright, but coming back, with lack of foresight, I got on the plank with Sister C. and when relieved of her weight it tipped in the air, and almost drowned me!

Arrived at Deroche we taught in the Church where they have Mass only once every three months, as Father has fifteen scattered missions to attend to. The poor people were delighted to see us, and really the church was a credit to them. It consisted of a green frame building with a red roof, and nestling at the mountain foot it was a picture in itself. The inside was as clean as a new pin, with flowers and lights at the shrines, although the Blessed Sacrament was not there. The children, mostly Indians, were called in, and Sister C. told me to take their names. Remembering a Polish Sunday School in which I had once taught, I wondered how I would manage with the spelling. Can you imagine my amazement as I heard the familiar McIntyre, McDougall, etc., and before we had finished visiting in the settlement I came to the conclusion that the Flowers of Edinburgh must have been transplanted into that Indian Reserve, for we met almost everyone from Angus and Flora McDonald to Bruce and Bonnie

Prince Charlie. How Sister C. laughed! From now on I'm Irish thru' and thru'.

However, to get to the end of this rambling epistle. We arrived home safely and I went to bed that night to dream of walking a plank chased by a horde of Indians!

SISTER P. McCONWAY,
S. O. S.

ST. BRIDE'S, ALTA.

Good news comes from the little Irish Settlement of St. Bride's. School days will soon be over, and the children are busy with examinations and getting ready for their little entertainment. Prospects are good for next year, as far as school is concerned, and there seems to be so many children ready for school in the Fall that the Sisters wonder where they are going to put them.



*"This is the way we go to school, go to school"
St. Bride's, Alberta.*

The Field At Home



A quarterly publication in aid of the missionary work of the Sisters
of Service



2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

Subscription rate - - - \$1.00 per year

PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST

Devotion to the Apostles

AS Missionaries, and all those who have the extension of Christ's Kingdom at heart can be Missionaries in one sense of the word, devotion to the Apostles should play an important part in our lives. It was to the Apostles, those devoted followers and friends of Christ, that He addressed the words: "Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," which gave, as it were, the charter to missionaries of all ages. The Apostles were the very foundation of that Church, which Missionaries the world over have given their lives to extend. The Apostles were the first Missionaries, bearing to the uttermost ends of the earth the glad tidings of Christianity, and since then Missionaries of Christ, other Apostles, have followed in their footsteps, facing hunger, cold, persecution, death itself, even as the Apostles did, so that souls might hear of the One True Church and Christ, its Founder.

At one time the feasts of the Apostles were observed as holy days of obligation; and even now their feasts have precedence over other feasts, and are preceded by vigils. The Church honours, and wishes us to honour, in an especial manner, those to whom she owes so much. And in order to make our devotion not merely a matter of sentiment but a vitalizing influence in our lives, let us first learn what we can about the Apostles. Their lives and glorious martyrdoms are full of inspira-

tion, and are worthy of our admiration. And then let us make their feasts memorable days, preceded by Novenas of preparation; and in order to keep in the spirit of the Church, let us take the Collect from the Mass of the Apostle we wish to honour and make this, the official prayer of the Church, our prayer during the days of the Novena. And to make our Novena more practical still we can make our intentions Catholic in the true

sense of the word. Let us ask of God, through the intercession of His Apostle, to bless us and those dear to us, and then let our thoughts travel far and wide. Let us pray for the needs of the Holy Father, the successor of St. Peter; for the Bishops of the Church, the followers of the Apostles; for the Missions, far and near; and for those outside the Church, that there may be but One Fold and One

Shepherd. Our prayer will then be the prayer of an Apostle, and as such will be surely heard before the Throne of God.

M. L. M.



"That there may be one Fold and one Shepherd."

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

On Della Verna's Mount the pine trees sing a lore;
They tell of one whose holy steps shall pass that way
no more.

They say the tapers brighter glow at one hour every
day:

It is the time when last he knelt upon that Mount to
pray.

O Anthony, ask Christ to give my heart thy loyalty—
That no prince of foreign legions may claim fidelity.



THE FIELD AFAR

Missionary Landmarks in 1930

MISSIONARY LANDMARKS IN 1930.

FATHER P. CHARLES, S.J., Professor of Missiology at the University of Louvain, has, in the past two years, presented a survey of the main features of mission work in 1930. Naturally, he cannot compress all the details within the compass of an article; nor is this necessary when one aims at a broad and general picture of dangers and achievements.

During the past twelve months, missionary activity in the Church has made advances in four directions, despite a triple menace that grows more disquieting day by day, he writes.

The multiplication of mission territories by the division of those already existent has continued with the same rhythm as in the preceding year, under the energetic direction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. Most favored this year are China and South India. We recall, for example, the erection in China of the independent Mission of Wuchow detached from Nanning; that of Tali, detached from Yunnan; the Prefecture of Yachow, detached from Suifu; and the Vicariate of Hengchow, detached from Changsa; in India, the erection of the Diocese of Vijayapuram, detached from Verapoly; and the Diocese of Kottar, detached from Quilon. Such multiplications necessarily presuppose a corresponding development in resources, and provide a species of index to missionary progress.

Native Clergy.

With the same inflexible perseverance, still further underlined by a letter to His Excellency Archbishop Salotti, newly-appointed Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, the Holy See has carried on the development of the indigenous clergy. Regional seminaries have been inaugurated at Tokyo (Japan), Hongkong (China), Ouida (Dahomey, West Africa), Basutoland (South Africa), Nam Dinh (Indo-China) and Tananarivo (Madagascar).

The dioceses of Kottar and Kumbakonam have been confided to the Indian clergy, the first under the charge of Bishop Pereira, and the latter with Monsignor Xavier as Administrator. The confiding to the

leadership of Chinese prelates of the Vicariates of Shungking and Wanshien and the Prefecture of Yachow brings the number of territories under indigenous clergy in China to twelve. We can add for Africa, though the territory in question is not under Propaganda Fide, that the first Ethiopian Bishop, his Lordship Bishop Cassa, was consecrated at Rome in August.

Conversions.

The year has seen the profession of the first "Disciples of the Lord," a native Chinese Religious Congregation founded by His Excellency Archbishop Constantino, Apostolic Delegate; the foundation of the first Benedictine Monastery in the Belgian Congo (Kapolowe, Katanga), through the efforts of the Abbey of St. Andrew of Lophem (Belgium); the arrival in Indo-China of a group of Sulpicians for the training of seminarians; and the progress of Native Religious Congregations in Oceania, Africa and Asia.

The conversion movement, as usual, has been unequal in different countries. It has been slowed up, though not suppressed, in China; rather light in Japan (showing an augmentation of but 3,000 as against an increase of 1,000,000 in the population); considerable in Africa, where Church progress is intense (the Congo alone counting 22 mission divisions), and where catechists abound. Mass conversions were reported from Hyderabad, India, a district once considered very difficult. The return to the Catholic Church of the Jacobite prelates, Archbishop Ivanios and Bishop Theophilus, has given to this group of Indian schismatics the impetus of a vast movement towards Rome.

The Catholic Press.

The wider diffusion of literacy has permitted a more intense use of the printed word as a means of evangelization. Reports have been received of a new native language periodical in South Africa; a series of publications in the Gilbert Islands (Oceania); a propaganda by means of pamphlets and handbills in Japan; a new Marian periodical in Kassai (Congo); and several important projects of the Catholic Press in Hongkong (China).

THE VALUE OF LIFE AND ITS USEFULNESS DEPENDS ON THE WIDTH OF ITS INTERESTS.

Political Dangers.

The gravest danger is in the political order. The turbid situation in China, with its war, rapine and banditry, especially in the south, has caused the death of several missionaries, the ruin of several mission stations, the misery of the Catholic population, and a general uncertainty practically paralysing missionary work. Many missionaries have been captured, and in several cases have been tortured. In spite of these setbacks the Church has been able to register progress, especially in the less tried section of the north.

India, with its Gandhi agitations, has seen a Catholic Delegate invited to the Round Table Conference in London, and, up to the present at least, the missions do not seem to have been hindered by the conflict of political feelings. Here Catholics are to be found on both sides.

In South Africa, the laws regarding the various races have favored the spreading of Communist propaganda among the Bantu, and discredited in their eyes the "religion of the whites." Notwithstanding the peril, the Church in every country has been able to maintain her proper character of supernationality.

The School Laws.

School legislation is a second and grave danger. Inspired by Western models, as in China, for example, these new laws would suppress all religious teaching, all religious ceremonies, and every religious emblem in the schools. They would further impose programmes impossible of execution by Christian institutes. In other places, as in Japan, with the exclusion of all religious education, they would impose the teaching and practice of official Shintoism, defined by the State as a purely civil and patriotic cult, but having statutes and nature clearly and entirely opposite.

In British Africa, the conditions of the financial programme imposed on the schools receiving Government aid are such that the missions cannot always satisfy them, and a goodly number of schools have been forced to close.

While recounting these difficulties, we must not forget the extension of the Catholic University of Peking, the reconstruction of the Catholic University of Tokyo, and the ever-increasing successes of the higher colleges in India. — "The Week," Bombay, India.

NORTH AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

In 1930 Canada gave 118 and the U.S.A. 142 priests, brothers and sisters to the mission territories of the world. These American religious belonged to 27 different Religious Orders, and went to India, China, Japan, Africa, Alaska, Central and South America, and the scattered islands of the Pacific Ocean.

THE CARMELITES IN BORNEO.

Six professed Carmelite Nuns and one novice landed at Jesseltan, British North Borneo, for the foundation of the first cloistered convent in the famed land of the "head-hunters." The nuns are from Madrid, thus constituting also the first missionary foundation undertaken by Spanish Carmelites.

Commenting on the event, Monsignore A. Wachter, Prefect Apostolic of North Borneo, said feelingly: "Never did I dare to hope that this dream of my life would come true, that poor Borneo would have a cloistered Carmelite Convent. With the prayers and

sacrifices of these good daughters of the great Teresa, wild Borneo has received an extraordinary blessing. The nuns are headed by a prioress who has held this important office three times. One marvels at the spirit of sacrifice necessary for such a change for an elderly nun from the orderly life of a Madrid Carmel to the beginning of a new foundation in the tropics."

THE WORLD'S FINEST.

A little while ago we heard distinguished officials, national and civic, praise in highest terms, the bravery, courage and service of New York's Finest, the police force. The praise was well-merited. Twenty odd New York "cops" were killed in 1930 in the performance of duty. Many others distinguished themselves by deeds demanding rare courage. These heroes exemplified the spirit that warms the hearts of the great majority of almost 20,000 policemen of the Metropolis of the New World.

While listening to these talks, we traveled across land and sea to the hills and dales of Upper Fokien. We beheld, and vividly, great souls fired by the holy spirit of faith, inspired by the highest and noblest traditions of their incomparable ministry, striving in the midst of most distressful and threatening conditions to serve to the utmost of their abilities, to serve, to protect and to save immortal souls.

What commendation should be theirs for a truly heroic stand during months of bitter trial, trial that spelt tragedy in some instances? Unheralded at home for valor that would ordinarily command preferred columns of the press, they seek from their own simply a measure of spiritual and material support that shows real appreciation of sacrifice and labor in the cause of Jesus Christ.

The missionaries represent us. They are our personal representatives on the fields afar. All that goes to make up a missionary's life is accepted cheerfully not only for himself, but in our name. He is entitled to our support.

Let us pay full tribute to all who protect our lives, rights, properties at home. And may the thought of them move us to offer sincere tribute and pledge devotion to the missionaries, priests and brothers, heroes of the Faith, the great champions of the cause of Christ.—Capillas, in The Torch.

AN INHERITANCE TO PRIZE.

"We are the sons of the Crusaders," said Montalembert to the enemies of religion, 'and we shall not flinch before the sons of Voltaire.' We have the Faith as an inheritance from the martyrs all the ages. It would be criminal for us to let the dishonest theories or gaudy pleasures of to-day rob us of the Faith that neither torturer's rack nor executioner's axe could kill in the breasts of our forefathers. It would likewise be a disgrace for us to miss any opportunity of spreading the Faith to other souls now pitifully lacking it. If the Faith is worth dying for, it is worth living for.

"If the foreign missions did no more than show us men and women leaving home and kindred, and even risking death; they would be of inestimable service to the modern world, is an object lesson in real values."—"The Far East."

FAITH IS A TREASURE WE HAVE IN COMMON; HE WHO ENJOYS IT SHOULD SHARE IT WITH HIS BRETHREN.—BOUSSET.

Young People's Page



Attention, Young People!

Dear Young People,

The month of July is here again, and you will all be enjoying vacation time, with thoughts of school far behind. For some of our "Big Young People" this year marks a turning point along the road of life — school days are over, over for good; and as you look a-down the road into the future, the path seems bright with sunshine and inviting to the feet. However, there is one thing that we must all remember, and that is: the brighter the sunshine the deeper the shadows, and though the road looks smooth now, there are bound to be rocks ahead. Little ones, perhaps, God grant they may be; but a time will come when we shall need a Helping Hand to guide our stumbling

footsteps; a Hand that will tightly grasp our own and lead us through the shadows to the light of perfect day. Let us, then, at this important turn in life's highway, when we are leaving school and facing an unknown future, seek out a Friend, a changeless Friend, and ask Him to be Our Guide and Companion throughout life. With our hand trustfully in His, we need have no fear of lurking shadows, or rough or stony paths.

This is a serious talk for vacation time, some of you will be saying, but we have to be serious sometimes, haven't we? and I want you all, big people and little people too, to realise that without our Blessed Lord we can do nothing, but "in Him who strengtheneth me I can do all things." This is a consoling thought, and one which should fill us with courage when dark moments come. Let us make this thought our own.

We still need more Young Missionaries of Christ the King, so for your convenience we have placed at the bottom of the page a form of application. All you have to do is to write your name and address on it clearly, and send it in. You will then receive your membership card and set of rules. So hurry up, young Missionaries, there is work for you to do!

With the best of wishes for a happy vacation.

THE CAPTAIN, Y.M.C.K.



SMILES AND CHUCKLES

STAGING THE ACT.

"John, if Mr. Smith comes into the office tell him that I'm out."

"Yes, sir."

"And, John, don't be working when he comes in or he won't believe you."

THE RULING PASSION.

Slightly Delirious Financier — "Nurse, what did you say my temperature was?"

Nurse—"One hundred and three, sir."

Financier—"Right; when it gets to one hundred and three and a-half, sell."

LIKE THE DICKENS.

An Oriental paper, having an English section, printed the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder commit, we hear of it and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it and in border sombre. Staff has each been colleged and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements."

A SCRAP BOOK.

A little girl I once knew got endless fun and joy out of what she calls her Memory Scrap Book. This book was an ordinary exercise book full of blank pages, in which she wrote things she wished to remember. Poems she had read, prose, stories, all went into her memory scrap book, and during the weary hours of a long illness this book was one of her greatest joys — a veritable treasure house of beautiful thoughts. Try it for yourselves, Young People, and see what pleasure you will get out of it.

*I wish to be a Young Missionary of
Christ the King.*

.....
Name. (Please write in ink).

.....
Address.

.....
*Cut this out and mail it to "The Captain,"
Y.M.C.K., C/o The Field at Home, 2 Wellesley
Place, Toronto, Ont.*

BY OUR LITTLE ACTS OF CHARITY PERFORMED IN THE SHADE, WE CONVERT SOULS FAR AWAY.—
ST. THERESE.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

Some of our Young People are now trying to solve that important problem: "What Shall I be?" Most boys and girls have a particular leaning towards one of the professions or walks of life, and even during school days are preparing themselves indirectly for the goal they are trying to reach; but there are others who are not so definite in their ideas. Vague thoughts and aspirations pass through their minds—one day they picture themselves as a doctor, another as a teacher, and so on through the whole scale; but it is hard for them to decide; hard for them to make the initial effort; and in the end they are just content to drift into whatever is nearest or easiest. They won't take the trouble to prepare themselves for something definite, and so become misfits in this world of ours.

Pray, think, and ask advice; and then, after having weighed everything in the balance, make your decision. And, the decision once made, concentrate all your efforts in trying to make yourself a success. If you are going to be a doctor or a nurse, then make up your mind you are going to be the best doctor or nurse there ever was. Start preparing right away; there is no need to wait till you go to College or Training School. Have your goal ever before your eyes. The Church needs now, more than ever, good Catholic laymen and women, and it is the boy or girl who starts in from the beginning, and who concentrates every effort on the end in view, who gets there in the end.

And, then, a word to those God-chosen ones—the boy or girl who have heard the Christ-call saying, "Come, follow Me." They are the happy ones indeed. The life to which He invites them may seem hard; but where is the boy or girl worth while who will run from a thing because it is hard? It may seem dull, but that it never is, for it is a life full of the highest romance that Heaven can offer. So, young Friends, if Christ has honoured you with an invitation to the Priesthood or Religious Life, do not hesitate, but go forth courageously in His Name, and a reward exceedingly great will be yours.

M.L.M.

BE WORTHY OF FRIENDSHIP.

If you have no friends, or fewer friends than you think you should have, find out where the difficulty lies. Probably you are unresponsive or unapproachable. Maybe a fault which you fail to notice or an unpleasant habit stands in the way of making and keeping friends. Find out the reason and overcome it. You need friends; everyone does. To have them you must be worthy of their friendship.

THE PILOT ON BOARD.

An old sailor was going on his last voyage, but, through the mercy of God, he was dying on his bed. He was suffering the agonies of death without any complaints, as a man accustomed to hardships. In the morning the old sailor had received Holy Viaticum.

Toward evening the priest came again to see him, to encourage and console him. He found him panting, but resigned.

"Are you ready," said the priest, "to take the long journey?"

"Quite ready, father."

"And are you not afraid?"

"I? Afraid of what?"

And pointing to his breast where his God had come in the morning, the dying man smiled sweetly and added:

"The Pilot is on board. Why should I be afraid?"
—Exchange.

THE NAME THAT COUNTS.

A superintendent of a Southern Railroad posted a notice which contained a list of workers that the company could do without. Here are a few of those who are drifting along looking for jobs: M. T. Head, E. Z. Worker, U. R. Careless, Ty M. Killer, and Tay K. Chance. Railroad companies can make better progress by keeping these fellows off the pay roll.

Your name may be Al Right, but if you do not make good with the man who employs you, your name will be Al Wrong. It is character that gives you the name that makes all the difference in the world.

THE BOY.

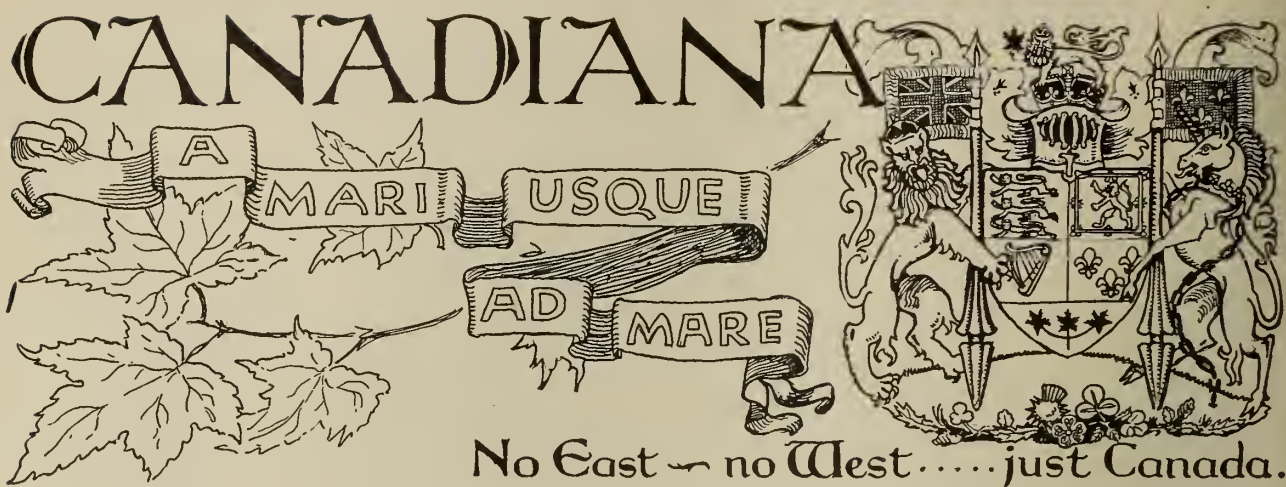
Brave dreams arise within his heart,
Brave thoughts are in his eyes:
He means to do his valiant part
With all that in him lies.

He wonders, something, if the goal
Is very hard to win.
He sees the fainting, faltering soul
Beset with doubt and sin.
He's puzzled that so much he meets
He cannot understand:
The wrong seems right — while strange deceits
Stalk proudly through the land.

But he has made his choice to-day,
He'll fight for all that's best.
His feet strike out on God's High Way
Come storm or sun — come gold or gray —
He leaves to God the rest!



BETHINK THEE OF NOBLE DEEDS, THAT THOU MAYEST ALSO PERFORM THEM.



VANCOUVER

At the gate to the Orient, at the extreme West of Canada, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, lies the great city of Vancouver.

Vancouver! A name to conjure with—a name that brings before the mind that happy blend of far West and near East — a city that stands by itself.

Nature has been extremely kind to our Pacific sea port. Her harbour is most spacious, and well sheltered by snow-capped mountains. Some fifty steamship lines use Vancouver as their port, and the traffic through this port has experienced a steady growth. The aggregate of its total trade has been in late years so large, that Vancouver rather than San Francisco is now the leading Pacific port of North America. Situated at the terminus of Canada's two great railroad systems, and facing China and Japan at a distance of some 4,000 miles, Vancouver constitutes the Dominion's largest trading centre with the Orient.

As an industrial centre, Vancouver has witnessed a phenomenal growth, particularly during the past few years. Since September, 1928, until the beginning of the present year, 127 manufacturing plants have commenced business, and 89 existing factories have been enlarged. The city now has 1,600 factories employing 30,000 work-people.

One of the outstanding features of our great Coast City is that Oriental touch to be found with-

in its gates. As one gazes on the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and watches the great liners pass through the "Golden Gate" near Stanley Park, the mind unconsciously flies to the shores of the Orient, and one thinks of the enigmatic future awakening of the Asiatic Giant, and what it will mean to Western civilization.

Of late years the Church has made great strides in Vancouver. Its Catholic institutions have grown; its parishes multiplied. Each year Vancouver becomes a stepping-off place for missionaries leaving for the Far East, and as one sees these heroes of the Gospel leaving for distant lands, that great Field Afar becomes a stern reality, and one realizes more that the Field Afar and the Field at Home are one—just different parts of the great Vineyard of the Lord.

Vancouver! City of Beauty! City of Memories! Those who live within your bounds have learned to love you, and Canadians the world over are proud of your greatness!



*Granville and Hastings Streets,
Vancouver, B.C.*

—Courtesy C.N.R.

"Our modern world thinks in figures—statistics are compiled—reveal facts. But behind statistics lie *ideals*—the imponderable factor that are causative of the ponderable ones. To display figures—to add them up and show large amounts is an easy thing. But who can tell of the devotedness and self-sacrifice and heartaches—and that lie behind them?"

YOU NEVER GET POORER IN WHAT YOU DO FOR GOD'S CAUSE.

OUR COAT OF ARMS

"A MARI USQUE AD MARE."

The first "coat of arms" of Canada was made by placing the arms of the four original provinces on a shield. This form on the red ensign was the flag of the merchant marine of Canada, while these arms on the blue ensign made the flag used on vessels in the government service. A very common error was the combining upon a shield the armorial bearings of the nine provinces and the one territory of the Dominion as the Dominion "coat of arms."

A new "coat of arms" for Canada was authorized in 1921. On the quarters of the shield appear (1) The three lions of Scotland; (2) the red

lion of England; (3) the harp of Ireland; (4) the lilies of France — these signifying the chief "mother countries" of Canada. On the base of the shield are three maple leaves. The crest is the King's Lion holding the Canadian Emblem — the Maple Leaf — and the supporters are the English lion and the Scottish unicorn, holding respectively the Union Jack and the flag of Old France. The imperial crown surmounts the shield, and the wreath below combines the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, the shamrock of Ireland and the lilies of France. The scroll is inscribed with the motto: "A mari usque ad mare" — "from sea to sea."

THE ROCKIES

The train swings 'round a bend, and the conductor's voice, startling one somewhat, boomed through the diner, "First view of the Rockies just ahead."

The rustle of excitement stirs through the car, of a sudden everyone begins to talk to everyone else, it is one of those rare touches of nature that makes the whole world akin.

Westwards we look and there, heaving their great bulk in snowy outline against the blue of the morning sky, rise the mountains, tier upon tier, a dramatic sight never to be forgotten.

Feeling very small, still with a sigh of deep content, I sit back; dreams are beginning to come true. My mind conjures with those magic names that have held poetry from early childhood and in the thought that I am so soon to see them—the bright sun streaming in through the windows grows brighter and my C.P.R. breakfast, if you will excuse the plebian touch, becomes almost glorious.

Wind Mountain, Lake in the Clouds, Paradise Valley, Eagles Pass, Black Canyon, Glacier and the Great Divide. Can't you feel the tang of mountain air in their every syllable.

That sigh of contentment did not pass, but rather deepened as the day lengthened. Noon came and passed, and then evening. Oh, the mountains that we crossed, the narrow gorges, the torrents pouring themselves down in splendid

cascades of milk green colouring to the raging, roaring floods below. The precipitious canyons around which the train crept, and the dizzy heights it climbed up and upwards to the very top of the world, leaving the clouds below—climax of mountain grandeur!

The Great Divide with its symbolic meaning drew a moment's thoughtful meditation, a prayer for the old life behind and one for the new looming ahead. The Spirit Tunnels through which we did a figure eight down into the town of Field, hundreds of feet below and which left one breathless and awe-struck at the ingenuity of such a feat of engineering skill.

Speaking of mountain grandeur—one old gentleman from Montreal who had sat quiet all the way through the Prairies and Foot Hills, set us all laughing by his contagious enthusiasm over the heights. He bought package after package of coloured postcards and sent them home to his wife, couldn't resist them. Telling us that if he got any more thrills he would be talking poetry before he reached Vancouver. At every new scene he would remark wistfully and aloud, "If only she were here to enjoy it with me, our first holiday in twelve years. She couldn't come, and I didn't want to because of that, but the girls made me." Another touch of nature that made us all akin.

P. Me.



NO MAN CAN BE A FRIEND OF CHRIST WHO IS NOT A FRIEND TO HIS NEIGHBOUR.—MGR. BENSON.

Donations

November 1st, 1930---June, 1931

\$250.00	\$10.00.		\$1.00.	
A Friend.	Miss Riggs.	Mrs. Jacob Miller.	Sisters of St. Martha.	Rev. J. P. Gleeson.
A Friend.	Miss B. Riley.	Rev. W. W. Muckle.	Mary A. Hardy.	J. M. Bennett.
\$200.00	B. McEntee.	Rev. Dr. J. J. O'Gorman.	Miss B. Blickstead.	Miss E. McGuire.
Wm. McManamy.	Rev. S. Myers, C.S.S.R.	J. McVey.	Rita Geraghty.	John McGillivray.
	W. J. Cassidy.	Rev. W. P. Smith.	Irene Stafford.	Helen Pineau.
\$100.00	Rev. L. P. Levesque,	E. Geraldine Dwane.	G. Malone.	Adrian D. Wymbs.
His Excellency G. Murray,	C.S.S.R.	Agnes Ryan.	Mrs. P. Griffin.	Anna Garceau.
C.S.S.R.	Annie McMaster.	Rev. M. J. Nealon.	W. J. Kennedy.	Mrs. Byron.
Mr. P. Shannon.	Mrs. Riordan.	Sault au Recollet.	J. Madden.	
Dr. St. Charles.	Margaret Coll.	Mrs. C. Blickstead.	Mr. Roalston.	50c.
	Rev. Charles F. Nagle.	Rev. Thos. Toomey.	Mrs. Owens.	Mary Casey.
\$93.35	Mr. and Mrs. James	Marguerite Fitzpatrick.	Miss K. Coughlan.	Mrs. Wm. Power.
Lenten Alms, per Msgr.	Elliott.	Rev. A. K. MacIntyre.	Rev. Sister M. Celestine.	Mrs. Peter Monahan.
Morris.	Mrs. Mary Wayland.	Misses Scott.	Mr. A. T. Winters.	Mrs. Cocoran.
	Rev. Em. Journault, C.S.S.R.	Miss E. Tracy.	A Friend, Prince Rupert.	
\$50.00	Rev. Michael G. Will,	Redemptorist Fathers,	Mr. C. Albury.	BEQUESTS.
Rev. G. F. Whibbs.	C.S.S.R.	Vancouver.	J. Pickett.	\$500.00.
Rev. F. A. Zettler.	M. E. Larkin.	Msgr. P. L. Belliveau.	Rev. C. McRea.	Right Rev. Msgr. Gerald
Wm. Carroll.	Alice Williams.	Mrs. Tenibrock.	Rev. H. Brunet.	Murphy, V.G., Halifax.
	Rev. P. J. Nicholson.	Congregation de Notre	Mr. Joe Pearson.	N.S.
\$40.00.	Miss M. Regan.	Dame, Mullins Street.	No Name.	\$50.00.
St. Patrick's Church,	Mr. Collison.	Shirley R. Martin.	Rev. F. Dugal.	Miss Annie Kuhn, Halifax.
Toronto.	Rev. Ed. Walsh, C.S.S.R.	Rev. Wm. L. Heydon.	Annie McNeill.	
	Rev. Thos. M. Palmer,	Religious of the Sacred	Anna King.	HONORARY MEMBERS.
\$33.00.	C.S.S.R.	Heart, Montreal.	Viola Tims.	His Excellency A. A.
L. C. F.	Rev. E. Polan.	Rev. J. M. Foley.	Rev. N. Corley.	Sinnott.
	\$9.00.	M. L. S.	S. J. McNamara.	Msgr. G. Grandbois.
\$31.00.	Lawrence Drummond.	M. Mooney.	Marie Gaudreau.	Miss Elsie Guinea.
K. C. Maher.	\$8.00.	Rev. W. E. Hopper, C.S.P.	Rev. F. S. McCordle.	E. J. Malone.
	Mrs. MacKell.	Rev. D. R. MacDonald.	J. P. Lewis.	W. H. Lovering.
\$30.00		\$4.00.	Sisters of Loretto.	Miss K. McKian.
St. Ann's Church, Mont-		Rev. J. A. Mackesy.	Hamilton.	Ida Dawson.
real.		Miss Heffernan.	St. Peter's School.	
\$28.00.		Eileen Gibson.		
A Friend.		Mr. O'Brien.		
\$25.25		Rev. Leo Smyth.		
Mrs. Rose M. Sehl.		Jere Sullivan.		
		\$3.00.		
\$25.00.		Rev. G. Monahan.		
St. Anthony's Young		Rev. Father Belliveau.		
People's Club.		Mrs. J. J. O'Brien.		
His Excellency J. O'Sulli-		Ethel McLean.		
van.		Ida Dawson.		
Rev. P. J. Monahan.		Miss Layde.		
A. T. Larkin.		\$2.50.		
Mrs. Mary B. McClure.		Rev. J. Durmin.		
Margaret Stuart.		\$2.00.		
Hon. Chas. McCrea.		Elsie Murphy.		
Miss Bertha McCarthy.		John Landers.		
		J. A. Sullivan.		
\$22.00.		A Well Wisher.		
Msgr. G. Corbett.		Rev. J. Dantzer.		
\$19.00.		Mrs. Bert Ayerst.		
Rev. R. P. Walsh.		F. W. Webster.		
		Ben Tighe.		
\$15.00.		Mrs. E. Armour.		
Irene Kiervine.		H. J. Bury.		
Mrs. M. Kirkham.		Mrs. Grady.		
		Rose L. Shaw.		
\$14.00.		Sisters of Holy Cross.		
Mrs. Langmuir.		Nora Daly.		
\$12.00.		Alba Rihy.		
Dr. D. J. O'Connor.		St. Ann's Academy,		
		Montreal.		

DIME SAVERS

\$550.00.	\$3.00.
Proceeds from Campaign.	J. J. Berrigan.
St. Peter's Parish, So.	Mrs. M. Collier.
John, N.B. Per K.	Mrs. P. Griffin.
Coughlan.	V. Mary Knight.
\$13.40.	Rita Donovan.
St. Anthony's Sodality,	Betty Allyn.
Toronto.	Miss A. Garceau.
\$12.00.	Florence Lambert.
Mr. Thos. R. Kavanagh and	Mrs. A. A. Moore.
Family, C. W. L. Hostel,	Lillian Shea.
Girls, Montreal.	Mrs. J. Lyons.
\$10.00.	A Friend, St. Catharines.
Miss B. Riley.	Aurelia Riopelle.
M. C. F.	Mary Brennan.
\$6.00.	Evelyn Quinn.
Kathleen Bird.	Miss J. Hughes.
Edith K. Regan.	Mrs. J. J. O'Brien.
Rev. Sister M. Agnes,	T. Comeau.
London, Ont.	G. Malone.
\$5.00.	\$2.00.
Public Schools,	A. T. Winters.
Penetanguishene.	Almand Le Vasseur.
Mrs. M. Wood.	\$1.70.
Sir Chas. Fitzpatrick.	Msgr. G. Grandbois.
\$4.20.	\$1.40.
Mrs. R. A. MacDonald.	C.W.L. Hostel, Girls,
	Toronto.
	\$1.00.
	Amora Cenderran.
	Phyllis E. Ryan.
	Mollie Garvey.

THAT THOU, O LORD, RENDER ETERNAL GOOD THINGS TO ALL OUR BENEFACTORS, WE BESEECH THEE, HEAR US.

HELP!

A Little Hospital in Western Canada Needs Your Help



Our Lady's Hospital, Vilna, Alberta

In the name of the sick and dying---

In the name of the poor mothers, who often
face death when giving life---

In the name of their little babies to whom a
Catholic Hospital assures the saving waters
of baptism---

We Ask Your Help!

Donations, however small, will be most gratefully received by the---

SISTERS OF SERVICE

OUR LADY'S HOSPITAL

VILNA, ALBERTA

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



Canada
Needs
the
Sisters
of
Service

The
Sisters
of
Service
Need
Canada

Headquarters—2 Wellesley Place, Toronto
Novitiate—60 Glen Road, Toronto

MISSIONS

Halifax, N.S.....	Port Work	Camp Morton, Man	2 Schools
Quebec, Que.....	Port Work	Edmonton, Alta .	Catechetical Centre
Montreal, Que.....	Hostel	Edmonton, Alta.	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.....	Hostel	Vilna, Alta.,	Hospital and School
Winnipeg, Man.....	Hostel	Edson, Alta.	Hospital
Vancouver, B.C.	Hostel		

Correspondence is Invited

The Field At Home



S.O.S

CATHOLIC



NATIONAL

SISTERS OF SERVICE

2 Wellesley Place Toronto

S. O. S.

A CATHOLIC CANADIAN ENDEAVOUR

What some Bishops of the Canadian Hierarchy Think of the Catholic and National Missionary Endeavour of the "Sisters of Service"

"The Bishops of Canada recommend the zealous and devoted activities of the Sisters of Service."

—*Report of the plenary meeting of the Canadian Hierarchy, Quebec, Oct., 1928.*

"I regard the founding of the Society known as the 'Sisters of Service' as a very important step towards a solution of the problem of immigration. Its purpose combines the safeguarding of the faith with social and civic betterment from a Canadian point of view. It is constructive work of the best kind. Though originating in Toronto, it is not in any sense for Toronto. It appeals to the whole Dominion. One needs but two qualities, love of God and love of Canada, to become interested in the success of the 'Sisters of Service'."

✠ N. McNEIL,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"Surely the Lord has inspired this foundation . . . The prospect of the 'Sisters of Service' comes as a ray of light and a beam of hope."

✠ TIMOTHY CASEY,
Archbishop of Vancouver.

"Happy was the inspiration that led to the foundation of the new Sisterhood of the 'Sisters of Service,' whose specific work will be the most abandoned souls, particularly throughout our Western Provinces."

✠ O. E. MATHIEU,
Archbishop of Regina.

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' will certainly fill a great need out here. The only limit to their labours would be the number of subjects they could supply . . . I am quite confident that this work is inspired by God."

"Such an order is very necessary in my Archdiocese and could do splendid work for God and Holy Mother Church."

✠ HENRY O'LEARY,
Archbishop of Edmonton.

"I hail with satisfaction and delight the foundation of the religious institute—the 'Sisters of Service' . . . May God call many generous souls to this new and glorious apostolate!"

✠ ALFRED A. SINNOTT,
Archbishop of Winnipeg.

"I hope that when it becomes possible I may have in this diocese three or four colonies of the 'Sisters of Service' . . . If I can do anything to



"I have come to serve"

help this zeal-inspired undertaking it will be a privilege to do it."

✠ J. T. McNALLY,
Bishop of Calgary.

"I approve the idea of the 'Sisters of Service' and wish to see them at their work as soon as possible."

✠ NICETAS BUDKA,
Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada.

Appreciations of the "Sisters of Service" Work

"The endeavour of the Sisters of Service is a record of splendid achievement and useful work for the Dominion, and I know from the little experience I have personally of the work of your Order how much self-sacrifice and devotion to humanity goes with it."

Sir Henry Thornton, Chairman and President of the Canadian National Railways.

"I wish to place on record the extremely valuable assistance I have received from the C.W.L., and especially from the Sisters of Service whose admirable training renders them particularly useful for work among new-comers."—*Abbé Casgrain, General Chaplain for Immigration in Canada, in an interview given to the Editor of the North West Review of Winnipeg, December 31, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service is an heroic and—we confidently believe—inspired effort to meet the great need of the Home Missions. The *Catholic Record* considers it a privilege to be allowed to help this great work."—*The Editor of the Catholic Record, January 8, 1927.*

"The Sisters of Service have been especially successful in their work amongst immigrant girls."—*Official Report of the Department of Immigration and Colonization—to the Parliament, for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1926. Page 48.*

"The work of the 'Sisters of Service' which you are promoting for the welfare of the Church in the outlying district of Western Canada has come to my notice. It is indeed a timely effort for the welfare of our Catholics on the Western Prairies and no one can but remark the value of this contribution to Church and Country. I am sure that in the ranks of our Catholic Womanhood you will find many devout girls to whom this life will appeal." Government House. *SIR CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Quebec, August 22, 1923.*

"I have a great appreciation of the efforts of the Sisters of Service. I know they are doing important work."—*E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, Canadian Pacific Railway.*

THE FIELD AT HOME



Venturing for Christ

THE history of Catholic Missions has been throughout all ages the story of high adventures for Christ. Fully convinced of the truth of their message and urged by an ardent love for Jesus Christ and for souls, the apostles of all times have ventured into unknown and distant lands, making themselves "all to all" like the great apostle of the Gentiles.

The frontier has always lured the missionaries, be it under the scorching sun of the Equator, or 'mid the snow and ice of the arctic. This mysterious attraction is explained not by that spirit of adventure lurking in the souls of a few, but by the fact that the Church is in the making on the frontier.

Canada has her frontier in the West and in the North. There the Church is gathering these scattered children of hers who have come from all parts of the world to carve out of our national domain new homes for themselves and for their children.

Long years will pass before Mother Church will be able to group these children into the parish unit—that mother cell around which gravitates the normal Christian life. For a parish means a resident priest, a church and a school. In the meantime are we to leave these Catholics without spiritual help, a prey to other agencies, to an atmosphere of materialism. Were we to abandon them, they would soon be overtaken by spiritual exhaustion, and their Faith, and all that it means to them in this life and the life to come, would vanish to the mere memory of its name. The reaction of this loss of Faith on the Church would be disastrous. May we quote here what Dr. E. H. Oliver, the present Moderator of the United Church, has to say on this point in

the opening chapter of his book, "The Winning of the Frontier": "A Church advances most vitally not in the stately liturgies of the Cathedral in the Metropolis, but through understanding and fostering its missions on the Frontiers. It is a law of Christ's Kingdom that the Church that neglects 'the uttermost parts of the earth' whether in its own land or across the seas, does so at grave peril to its spiritual life."

This explains why the Church of Christ has always loved the Frontier. The glorious history of Catholic Missions is there to prove it. Following, therefore, in the wake of the missionaries of old who have gone into our West and into our far North, the Sisters of Service serve the Master on the Frontier. The covered wagon of yesterday has given place to the motor car. To-day our Missionary Sisters are venturing into that West and North with their motor van. This is indeed the "Church on wheels" going out to meet the settler, to instruct his children, to help him to preserve his Faith.

This apostolate naturally demands great sacrifice on the part of the Sisters. While they are on the fringe of civilization they are deprived of the great consolations of a religious soul—Mass and Holy Communion. But these sacrifices they make most willingly for the glory of God and for the good of souls. The work is one of pure charity. They cannot expect support from those whom they visit. Their support must come from those friends of the cause they have espoused, we mean Catholics who have the understanding of Catholic Missions and of what they mean to the Church . . . This means YOU, gentle reader and friend of our endeavour.

G. DALY, C.S.S.R.

Notes and Comments

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

Father Cline, P.P. of Holy Name Parish, Toronto, in his address on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of the Redemptorist Fathers, had these kind words to say about our Missionary undertaking:

"Nor can we forget on this day of generous recollection the Missionary band of Religious Women who claim your spiritual paternity, the Sisters of Service. These newcomers in the Vineyard have lit a new torch of Faith in the faraway Provinces which burns with the bright glow of a Pentecostal fire."

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS.

Our hearty congratulations to "Maryknoll" on the occasion of its twentieth anniversary.

The birth and marvellous growth of the Maryknoll Missionary enterprise is undoubtedly one of the marvels of Catholic Apostolate in America, and remains an abiding inspiration to us all.

Two decades have passed, and already Maryknoll numbers nearly 250 priests, more than 60 Brothers and about 250 students in the United States, and 150 Asiatics studying for the priesthood in the Far East. Associated with the movement is the Community of Sisters numbering well over 400 members. May our Holy Redeemer bless this great family of Apostles who are now laboring in the Field Afar, and multiply their number a thousandfold!

* * *

MOTHER OF GOD.

On June 22 last the Church celebrated the fifteenth centenary of the definition of the Divine Motherhood of Mary by the Council of Ephesus, in the year 431.

Ever since that day Catholics throughout the world have prayed to "Mary, Mother of God." And how sweet are those words to our hearts, for the Mother of God is also "Our Mother."

* * *

THE GREAT HARVEST.

When our Divine Lord bade His seventy-two disciples to go into the cities and places whither He was Himself to come at a later period, He instructed them to pray earnestly that the Lord of the harvest might send laborers, for "the harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few" (St. Luke X. 2). There can be no doubt that He had

in mind not merely the Jews to whom the Gospel was to be preached first, but all the wide world to which He would send His preachers and He wished the exhortation to prayer to reach all who would enter His Kingdom. The Feast of our Lord Jesus Christ, King, should remind us each year not only to consecrate ourselves anew, but to pray earnestly that He may reign in the hearts of all men and over every phase of human activity.

What a vast amount of work still remains to be done before the world acknowledges the Kingship of our Master! It is estimated that to-day there are about seventeen hundred millions of people on earth. Of these only one fifth, about three hundred and fifty millions, belong to the True Church under the headship of Christ's Vicar, the Pope. Over a thousand millions are pagans. Then there are the Mohammedans, the Jews and the countless sects, who profess allegiance to some kind of Christ but refuse to acknowledge the authority of His Church. All, all of these are His, bought by the Precious Blood He shed on the Cross, but, unless they are aided by the laborers whom He commissions, a vast number will reject Him, will not live up to the light of their conscience, will not bend under His yoke. Such thoughts should spur us on to pray, to pray ceaselessly that He may triumph.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

* * *

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The co-operation that should exist between the Catholic body and the Priests, Brothers and Sisters laboring in home and foreign missions, should be patterned after the relations that obtain between capital and labor in the economic life of our day.

The Church, considered merely as a missionary body, may well be likened to a large corporation, material to some extent because of its personnel and physical holdings, but spiritual in its purpose. The missionary personnel (46,174 Priests, Brothers and Sisters, and 117,441 lay auxiliaries — a total of 163,615 workers in mission fields) constitutes the labor element of Catholic missions.

It goes without saying that capital, a vast amount of it, is required to make their work possible and

effective. The missionaries, engaged in a work of unparalleled merit, do not wish to hoard up its fruit selfishly for themselves; they are willing to take on partners and to share their spiritual earnings with others supplying the required capital.

In the past you may have made unfortunate investments: you may have bought stock in concerns that failed or booked no profits. In subscribing to stock in the missionary corporation of the Church, through membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, you are assured of spiritual earnings that cannot be estimated in dollars and cents nor by the usual ratio of dividends: our Lord's promised hundredfold — one hundred for one or 10,000 per cent. — for everything that is given in His Name.

Mission Sunday, October 18, affords every Catholic an opportunity of subscribing for one or more shares of the capital stock issued by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

* * *

THE OSTRICH POLICY.

To bury our head in the sand and pretend that everything is well around us is an easy but surely not a very efficient way of solving our Home Mission problems. The leakage is there, and more leakage is in view if we do not face facts and pay with our persons and our resources to meet them.

* * *

WHAT IT IS TO BE A CHILD.

"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy god-mother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space. . . ."

"Francis Thompson."

* * *

"It is to see a world in a grain of sand

And heaven in a wild flower.

Hold infinity in the palm of your hand

And Eternity in an hour."

—Francis Thompson.

* * *

The Song of the Lost Vocations
Is of lost sheep unsought,
Of little ones unrescued
And nations left untaught. . .

SOME ARE MONEY-MINDED . . . PLEASURE-MINDED . . . HONOR-MINDED.

MY ROSARY

*You link the centuries; and sweet
With the long chains of whisper-
per prayer,
Tangle the whole world in your
snare,
And bind it safe at Mary's feet.*

THE month of the angels has passed away, and angelic songs in honour of the angels' Queen change from lyrics of adoring love to a more plaintive strain — plaintive yet triumphant, as Heaven and Earth enter upon the days consecrated to the Most Holy Rosary, that sweet chain which binds so many willing slaves to their Queen; those little beads which have brought countless sinners to Mary's feet. The lonely, the sick and the tempted have found in them consolation, strength and peace, and the dying Catholic meets his end calmly if around his helpless hands Mary's beads are twined, for their blessed presence will carry the poor soul for a brief space to the feet of the Rosary's Queen, and she, pitying, will intercede.

Miracles have been wrought through Mary's Rosary. See Dominic, discouraged and disheartened, telling his sad story of failure while kneeling at her feet, imploring her help against a heresy which, straight from the red walls of hell, was infecting the land with foul leprous touch, and in his dire need the Queen of Heaven gave him the Rosary, and those little beads conquered hell let loose in France. Even as she spoke and the first Rosary was said, a feeling of dismay fell on the hosts of heresy as if they heard the beating wings of avenging angels, the strains of their trumpet call, the battle cry of Michael: "Who is like to God?"

The priestly writer, John Ayscough, has put it well: "St. Do-

minic's answer to a heresy that seemed to threaten Christendom was a string of beads, and in those chains the dead heresy was presently hanging in the wind, like the bones of a dead malefactor."

Canada owes much to the Rosary, for it was the Queen of the Rosary who sent Margaret Bourgeoys from France to face the perils of an unknown land, and to leave a saintly name the memory of which shall endure for all time. It was in this wise. On the first Sunday of October, 1640, Margaret Bourgeoys, a young girl, took part in a Rosary procession held at Troyes; and as she sang the praises of Mary, she glanced at the statue of Our Lady above the door of the Church, and before her startled eyes the figure suddenly seemed radiant with heavenly beauty, and the sweet, smiling face bent upon her a look of unutterable love and tenderness which she never could forget, and from that instant she dedicated herself to the service of God, and while the broad St. Lawrence rolls on its way, Canada shall ever tell of her heroic, saintly life.

And in these days Our Fair Lady again showed to the world how much she loved the Rosary: for see her standing in the Grotto of Lourdes, beautiful with the radiance of Heaven, and holding a milk-white Rosary in her hands, and even while talking to the little peasant girl at her feet she seems to listen to the myriads of Rosaries which rise and fall as the sobs of a mighty wind from the world around. It was with her Rosary in her hand that she told of great signs and wonders which should come to startle an unbelieving world from the place where her feet had pressed — of the healing

waters which should cure all ills, and should even raise the dead soul to life.

And now, when pagan gods seem to have awakened from their evil sleep to flood the world with wickedness and unbelief, and men adore their eloven feet and at their bidding shake puny fists as the Ruler of the Universe, shouting there is no God and no hereafter, there stands between them and an outraged God a Rosary with its Crucifix, and Mary stays the avenging Hand and pleads for mercy.

And so we leave the future, which seems so dark at times, in the hands of Mary, and as the twilight hour comes round we kneel at her feet, and with our Rosary in our hands we ask her protection. We take our Blessed Beads, and raising them aloft, ask the angels to

*Wreath them around Our Lady's
virgin brow,
Her chain of Roses! Aves white
as snow
Shall bind her temples, twine her
holy feet;
Till every grain of her blest
Rosary
A guiding star to heaven and her
shall be.*

R. S. Meade.

Good books are not only our friends; they are our best teachers. Bad books are a curse and do a world of harm. Nothing spreads falsehood and evil more surely than a bad book.

"Dreams" — Ah, who has not had them, dreams pure and fair — dreams, lily-white, rose-red! In dreams one wanders freely into enchanted lands. In dreams things commonplace are imbued with fairest character. It is good sometimes to dream of lofty things, and the fairest dreams, the poets tell us, are of God.



"I have come to serve"

AT HEADQUARTERS

FINAL PROFESSION.

It is with a halting pen that one writes of the wonders of a Profession Day. It is a day so full of meaning that one al-

most fears to betray the secrets of the King — secrets whispered in the silence of the heart.

The morning of Our Lady's Assumption dawns. The little chapel is fragrant with sweetest flowers — roses, the emblems of love; lilies, denoting purity. The altar aglow with soft lights. The gleam of gold vestments as His Excellency the Archbishop approaches the altar.

"Introibo ad altare Dei." "I will go unto the altar of God." . . . and those kneeling around lay at the foot of the altar an offering of themselves.

"Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini." "My help is in the Name of the Lord." Unworthy I am to be Thy Spouse, O Christ, but in Thy Name—Thy powerful Name—I can do all things."

"Kyrie eleison." Lord have mercy — have mercy on my unworthiness.

And then the venerable Archbishop reads the Introit, which proclaims the glories of Mary, the Unspotted One, and the choir breaks out into that prayer which is always on the lips of Mary's children, "Ave Maria, gratia plena . . . ora pro nobis, peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostrae" . . . pray for us now — to-day, and pray for us on the great day of our Homecoming. . . .

Suscipe, Sancte Pater . . . Receive O Holy Father, with this Unspotted Host, the offering I make of myself — body and soul to be Thine for ever . . . and then the sweet strains of the Profession Hymn are heard. A hymn written by a Sister of Service for this occasion.

Thine, ever Thine! All, all dear
Lord I bring,
This day of love that seals my
heart,
By vows that life nor death can
part,
To Thee, my Spouse and King.

Thine, only Thine, and all the rest
in Thee.
Make of my heart a holy shrine,
Where human loves are one with
Thine,
For all Eternity.

Thine, wholly Thine, kindle, dear
Lord, in me,
So bright a flame of love divine,
That other lives entwined with
mine
Be closer drawn to Thee.

Take Thou my heart, my soul, my
will, my all,
Since Thou hast called me for
Thine own.
Oh, let me live for Thee alone
In answer to Thy call.

Forever Thine! Lo! angels wrapt in
awe
List to the softly spoken vows
That bind me close to Thee, my
Spouse,
Now, and for evermore.

The bell rings a warning — The
King is coming, and all kneel down
in reverent expectation.

The words of Consecration are
gently whispered . . . "My Lord and
my God, Welcome Lord." . . .
Again the choir breaks forth: "Jesus,
Jesus, come to me, all my longing

(See page 11, column 2)

VISITORS.

This summer we had the pleasure of welcoming home some of our Western Missionaries. Visits from those working in the "Field" are always a joy both for the visitors and for the Sisters whose lot it is to "keep the home fires burning." What news there is to tell, and how eagerly we listened to stories of the Missions! Early in July Sister Barton and Sister A. Walsh arrived from Camp Morton, Manitoba, where they have been teaching school all the year, and a few days later we had the pleasure of welcoming home Sister C. Donnelly and Sister Burke from St. Bride's, Alberta.

* * *

RETREAT.

Retreat days are blessed days given to us in order that we may converse with God in silence and in solitude. It is a time of spiritual stocktaking — a preparation for another year's work. This summer we were privileged in having as Retreat Master Reverend A. T. Coughlin, C.S.S.R., one of the founders and first Spiritual Director of our Institute. His presence revived many happy memories, and was a source of inspiration to us all.

"REFLECT SERIOUSLY, LABOUR WITH GENTLENESS, ACT WITH CONSTANCY."

A MEMORABLE DATE

AUGUST 15th, 1931, the feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother was a memorable date in the annals of the Institute of the Sisters of Service. On this day eight Sisters made their final profession. By these Perpetual Vows they have bound themselves irrevocably to God and to the cause of the Home Mission Field. Missionary work now becomes their life-work. Forever, with the grace of God the Sister's life—and this means all her talents, energies and sufferings—is to be woven into the texture of the Church's missionary endeavours. For six years or more the Sisters have experimented with the missionary life—with its joys and hardships. Each year—by vows they have consecrated their souls to this noble cause. Some in the school room, others in hospitals, others in Hostels or at the ports of entry, welcoming the Catholic immigrants to our land, others teaching the saving truths of the Faith to Christ's little ones. Now they have come to the final and irrevocable dedication.

During the years of trial this has always been the final goal of their aspirations and the object of their fervent prayers. For when a soul once wishes to be a missionary it is not for a year or for years, but forever!

This day of final profession is naturally one of rejoicing for the members of the humble Institute of the Sisters of Service. It gives to the Sisters a final sense of security and places on their work the seal of approbation. Every year from now on Sisters will be called to make this profession of perpetual vows.

The eight finally professed of this year are the vanguard of an army called to serve the Master in our great Home Mission Field.

Some may ask at this juncture: why perpetual

vows? History and experience prove that the vows are the beauty and strength of a religious order. In them the religious finds protection against the evil influences of the world and of a corrupted nature. They are the sheet anchor that gives to the ship the security of the Port even amid the tossing waves of life.

Moreover, the perpetuity of vows gives to the work to which the Sisters dedicate their whole life stability, security and continuity. The Sisters may change like soldiers on guard, but the watch goes on forever. When a band of devoted women are irrevocably wedded to a cause by the most sacred bonds may we not expect to see the acorn of to-day grow into a sturdy oak. One of our great public men, not a Catholic, illustrated the other day this point to a veteran Oblate missionary. "We in our Church start with a big thing, and end up with a small thing; you Catholics start with small things, and end up with a big thing." There is a whole lesson of history in this simple statement of a man who was once a member of the Federal Cabinet.

The gradual development and ascent of an order, and of the work for which it was founded are undoubtedly due primarily to the Perpetual Vows which protect the subjects against the inconsistencies and, at times the freakishness of poor human nature.

May God bless our eight pioneer Sisters and give them perseverance! May they be followed each year by new recruits in the King's Service. They have come to serve; may their service prove useful and saving to many souls with whom they will be thrown into contact during their missionary life.

G. DALY, C.S.S.R.



THE EIGHT FINALLY PROFESSED.

Left to right: Top row—Sister Geraghty, Sister Wymbs, Sister Burke, Sister Guest, Sister Donnelly.

Bottom row: Sister Schenck, Sister Regan, Sister Egan.

TO SAVE ONE'S OWN SOUL AND THE SOULS OF OTHERS IS LIFE'S HIGHEST VISION.



RETROSPECT

1930--31

PORT WORK.

Owing to the restrictions placed on immigration, the work at the ports has not been so heavy as in previous years. The Sisters, however, have found it necessary to be on duty at the Ports of Halifax and Quebec whenever a boat docks, and reports from these two centres show that 369 boats were met during the year. 259 visits were made to the Pier Hospitals, and 15,383 Catholic books and papers were distributed. Now, a word here may be of interest regarding the procedure taken in what is called Port Work, for very few realize in what a systematic and well-organized way this work is carried out. On the arrival of a steamship, the Port Worker obtains the manifest, or ship's list, containing the name, age, religion and destination of every passenger on board. While the travellers are going through the formalities of medical and civil examination, the Sister Port Worker takes down the names and destinations of those who are Catholics, and then proceeds to find and speak to them. Eyes light up when the Sister comes forward with a friendly smile and enquires if she can be of service. Telegrams announcing arrival are sent, assistance in finding and checking baggage given, food for the journey procured, and any advice which might be helpful or necessary offered. When the new arrivals are safely on the train, their names are referred to members of the Catholic Women's League in small towns where sub-divisions are located, in large cities to the Catholic Hostels, and in rural districts to the Parish Priest. During the past year, 10,068 persons were referred, and were thus enabled to receive after-care.

HOSTEL WORK.

The next step in the work is the Hostels for Old Country girls who come to Canada to engage in domestic service. Again, by reason of the decrease in immigration, hostel work has not been so extensive this year as far as new arrivals are concerned. However, the New Canadians of previous years are still with us, and need the care and protection of the

Hostels. During the past year the Hostels in Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver report as follows:—

Immigrants received	502
Meals served	92,891
Beds provided	31,552
Girls placed in positions	1,763
Trains met	553

The aim of the Catholic Hostels is to provide a natural home-like atmosphere for the girls, to make them feel that someone has their interests at heart, and to protect them from the moral dangers of our large cities. In order to safeguard the religious life of the girls, Annual Retreats and frequent Conferences on Spiritual matters are provided, and in some of the Hostels the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin has been erected. At each Hostel there is an employment bureau where the girls may find suitable work. In every way the girls are encouraged to look upon the hostel as their home, particularly during the first few months, when the ravages of loneliness often play havoc with the girl's life, and determine whether she is to be a future asset or liability.

SCHOOL WORK.

The Sisters of Service are teaching in two rural schools in Camp Morton, Manitoba, and in St. Bride's, Alberta. In these places the Sisters teach in public schools, the majority of the children, however, being Catholics.

HOSPITALS.

In Alberta the Sisters of Service have two Hospitals, one at Edson and one at Vilna. The reports of these two hospitals combined show:—

701 patients admitted.
166 X-Rays taken.
23 major operations performed.
103 minor operations performed.
110 births.
1,528 treatments.

YOUR INVESTMENT IN MISSION WORK IS THE SOUNDEST AND SAFEST.



S.O.S. Convent, Camp Morton, Manitoba.

A list of figures such as the foregoing may not say very much to the casual reader, but there is a wealth of meaning underlying figures which only the initiated can understand and appreciate. 701 patients admitted sounds very business-like and practical, but not very interesting when one thinks in terms of patients suffering from pneumonia or fractured limbs, but in these rural hospitals patients come in not only sick in body, but morally sick of soul, and many of these poor sufferers have been brought back to the almost forgotten Faith of their childhood, and have left the hospital cured not only in body, but in soul as well, having made their peace with God. One of the pathetic features, perhaps, of the rural districts in the West is the number of mothers who sacrifice their lives giving life to another. This is due, to a large extent, to lack of knowledge and medical care. The small rural hospital has proved a God-send to many a poor mother, and has been the means of saving many lives.

CATECHETICAL WORK.

One of the most important and far-reaching works which the Sisters of Service are carrying on at the present moment is the teaching of Catechism. Thousands of our Catholic children in the country districts of the West are attending public schools, and are living miles away from priest or church. They are thus growing up away from the Faith, and perverted by other influences, which, under the pretext of Canadianization, are at work among our own trying to draw them away from that Faith, which has been theirs through successive generations. From the Mission of the Sisters of Service in Edmonton some 2,000 children are receiving Religious Instruction regularly through the medium of the mail. In this way they are prepared for the Sacraments, and taught to love and revere the Church of their Fathers. From Edmonton, also, the Sisters distribute, through the mail, Catholic magazines and papers, thus counteracting, to some degree, the influence of evil literature, which is so freely circulated among our New Canadians. The report from Edmonton Catechetical Centre shows that during the year 2,785 Catechism lessons were sent out to Catholic families, and 955 personal letters written to people giving advice or help.

During the summer months the Sisters go through the country districts visiting the small settlements and preparing the children for the Sacraments. The work, however, owing to lack of workers and funds, must necessarily go slowly, but the scope is unlimited, and with an increase of interest on the part of the Catholic public, together with larger financial resources, a much wider field could be covered.

SOCIAL WORK.

In Halifax the Sisters do regular district visiting among the poor. In Quebec they visit the hospitals, and any immigrants who may happen to be in the gaol. In the cities where hostels are located, "follow-up" work is done among immigrant girls. At Camp Morton, Manitoba, the Sisters visit the sick in their homes, teach Sunday School, and train the Choir. From the two Hospitals the sick poor are visited, and Sunday Schools have been established in the district.

The Field At Home



A quarterly publication in aid of the missionary work of the Sisters of Service



2 WELLESLEY PLACE, TORONTO

Subscription rate - - - \$1.00 per year



A Catechism Class in the Hay, Silverdale, B.C.

THE MISSIONS ARE THE GREATEST AND HOLIEST WORK OF THE CHURCH.

NOVITIATE REMINISCENCES

WHAT memories they evoke — those first days in the Novitiate! Sunshine flecked with cloud-lets, humor touched with pathos, joy tinged with sadness! Is it possible to express the impressions of those first days, I wonder? It was as though I had suddenly entered a strange country where everything was new and different. In a way it was exhilarating, as entrance into the unknown usually is, but in another sense it was almost suffocating.

The first memory is of the train journey from M—— with Sister M. We spent most of the time passing from one nap to another, finding each other so uninteresting that we scarcely exchanged a word during the whole six hours. (How quickly common

will. If that is so, Sister M. and I surely started to qualify early.

However, by supper time, there was still a few dollars remaining.

"Let's go to the diner and order a big chicken supper," was Sister M.'s brilliant suggestion. No sooner said than done, and by the time the waiter was tipped I was absolutely penniless.

"There, I'm through!" I imparted with great satisfaction to Sister M. "Whatever you have left can go to the porter."

Sister E. met us at the station, which was very fortunate, considering we wouldn't have been able to hire a taxi if she hadn't, and after a short visit to



Sisters of Service Novitiate, Toronto.

interests and experiences draw souls together! Veriest strangers on the train journey, we had not been in the Novitiate three hours when we were looking on each other as life-time friends! On the train, however, there was just one touch of interest. As the vendors of ice-cream, chocolate bars, etc., came along we pulled out our purses simultaneously.

"I don't think we're supposed to have any money with us when we enter," I ventured, half-hesitatingly.

"No, I don't think we are," agreed my companion. With a smile she continued: "Let's spend all we have right here, so that we can enter without a cent."

From that moment our one ambition was to get rid of our money. Such a foolish idea! I don't know where we got it, but there it was. Soon we were surrounded by apples, books, chocolates, ice cream, etc., half of which we left behind us on the train. I've heard that a good novice is supposed to have 10 per cent. good judgment and 90 per cent. good

the Mother House we were taken up to the Novitiate. There Sister Mistress met us with a welcoming smile that would make anyone feel at home, our veils were put on, and we were escorted to the Recreation Room to meet the novices and postulants.

That first night I slept soundly until the bell awoke me in the morning. Not realizing what the bell meant, I merely turned over and settled in a more comfortable position. Noticing this, the novice who had care of me came over and indicated by various gestures that I was supposed to get up and dress.

"Why doesn't she speak?" I thought to myself. "Is she dumb, or does she think I don't understand English?" However, I did as she suggested by pantomime and started for the chapel. On the stairs I met two novices, who had been quite friendly the previous evening.

"Good morning, Sisters," I greeted them, with as wide a smile as I could manage. To my surprise they

A LIFE WITHOUT A PURPOSE IS LIKE A SHIP WITHOUT A RUDDER.

merely returned the smile, and passed on without a word. Looking downwards, I saw two postulants at the foot of the stairs looking at me rather as if I had broken all the Ten Commandments at once. It was easy to see that I had done something that I shouldn't — but what? Shall I ever forget those first impressions of the silence! I felt at first as though I had entered a land of Voiceless Shadows. Sister M. and I retired into a corner, and wondered what it was all about. It seemed so utterly strange to us not to talk when we felt like it, and to see everyone going round so quietly. I felt rather as if I had been thrown head first into deep water, and it was natural to sink at first. However, the sense of choking or drowning lasted but a day and a half. Then I came to the surface, breathed freely, and discovered to my great delight that I could swim easily in my new element.

Of course I found many things strange and difficult; but, as the days went by, I realized more and more, from our lessons in class, the real meaning of the religious life, and what a wonderful privilege is the Gift of Vocation; the hard things became easy. Several humorous things happened, however, as a result of trying to adapt myself to my new surroundings.

Even now, looking at the incident from long distance, I have to smile when I think of my first accident at table. For the first week or two after entering I was as precise and particular as could be in handling my knives, forks and spoons — so fearful was I of dropping something on the floor during the silence. Then came the day never to be forgotten. Soup was served, and the salt cellar was passed to me. Just what happened I do not know, but as I started to shake the salt the cellar slipped from my hands into the middle of the soup with a grand splash. It was a grievous test of the gravity of the other novices and postulants, for the soup sprayed in every direction — on adjoining plates, on the table, on my dress, and even on my shoes. I had always thought that if anything of this sort happened to me I should die of humiliation. Instead, I was seized with an irrepressible desire to laugh; in fact, there was never a time when I came so near losing complete control of my laughing apparatus. I thought of every serious thing imaginable — even of my last hour — to no avail.

I remember, too, one particular feast day when I was expected to play the piano. My hands were variegated in colour from too close association with potatoes and carrots, so I asked Sister Q. if there wasn't some way in which I could make them more presentable for the occasion. "Oh, yes," she said, "there's a bottle of hand lotion on the bath room shelf — rub them with that." Off to the bathroom I went, but I had barely reached the door when the bell rang for Meditation. There was just one bottle on the shelf, so, without looking at the inscription, I poured a generous supply of the contents on both hands and hurried down the stairs. As I went along it seemed to me that the hand lotion had a very peculiar odor, but I was not really suspicious until I entered the chapel. Then when the postulants on either side of me kept turning in my direction with a questioning sniff, I knew there was something wrong somewhere. Putting my hands to nose, I began to realize that perhaps that hand lotion wasn't a lotion at all. As soon as Meditation was over, back I went to the bathroom and examined the bottle closely. There, in large letters, had I but taken the trouble to read, was the inscription: COAL OIL. For months after coal oil was referred to in the Novitiate as "Sister A.'s favourite hand lotion!"

I suppose most postulants on first entering suffer from the sense of "oppressive holiness," caused by what appears to be absolute perfection on the part of the novices. To me it seemed as if they never did or could do anything wrong, and I was forever wondering how they arrived at such a height of perfection so quickly. (This opinion was moderated considerably as soon as I became a novice myself). But in those first days this feeling caused me real anxiety until Sister W. broke the spell. How grateful I was to her for this! I was wandering as noiselessly as possible somewhere in the vicinity of the kitchen (Sister W.'s charge) when suddenly I stopped short, hardly believing my ears. "My conscience reproaches me," Sister was saying to someone. I listened with eyes and ears wide open. "Yes, my conscience reproaches me," she repeated; "I've left that baking pan in soak for three whole days." I waited to hear no more, but hurried off to the chapel to thank Our Dear Lord that after all there was some one in the house human enough to have a reproachful conscience.

The days flew by quickly, and not many weeks had passed before I was settled happily and contentedly into the regular routine of Novitiate life. However, with me, as with all other religious, two days stand out vividly and distinctly — Reception Day and Profession Day.

What inexpressible joy fills the heart on entering the chapel for the first time clothed in the distinctive habit of a Spouse of Christ — to feel that one is really engaged, as it were, to the Divine Lover of Souls. What earnest resolutions! What promises of loyalty! What assurances of devotion well up in souls overflowing with love for the King in their hearts!

Then — Profession. And here words falter away into silence. For where are words that could ever express the joyous, loving rapture that inundates the heart and soul on this great Day of Days, when the Spouse of Heaven deigns to accept a poor little human creature for His Own Beloved Spouse? A foretaste of Heaven it is, indeed, this happy day when troth is plighted to the Heavenly Lover and the heart grows faint with the ecstasy of union with its Divine Bridegroom!

S. O. S.



Novices and Postulants at Class.

A MISSIONARY SOUL KNOWS NO REST.



THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' MISSION CRUSADE

DURING the month of July last, two of us had the privilege of being present at the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade Convention held at Niagara Falls, N.Y.

For three days we were transported in spirit to Mission Lands. In company with a band of Catholic students from the leading American Colleges, whose interest in and knowledge of missionary subjects were an inspiration, we heard talks by men and women whose names stand high in the annals of missionary endeavour. We heard of the labours of Jesuit Fathers in Alaska, of the Josephites among the Negroes, of the Maryknoll Fathers and Sisters in China and the Philippines. We spent an evening in India seeing through the eyes of others the splendid work of the Holy Cross Fathers in Bengal, and the Society of the Divine Word in the Islands of Oceania.

During the day visitors to the convention were shown beautiful exhibits demonstrating graphically the work of the various missionary societies both in the Home Missions and in Fields Afar, or one could attend the Student Forums and hear discussed intelligently and with enthusiasm different problems relating to Mission or Crusade work.

And then, as a climax to the wonders of the day, came the evening Benediction, given on the Campus of Niagara University. Darkness all around, a pale moon hanging as a great white Host in benediction—the altar with its soft glowing lights—the young voices of over a thousand students blending in the well-known strains of "O Salutaris Hostia" and the "Tantum Ergo." And then, amid a vibrant silence broken only by the gentle whisper of trees, and the flow of distant water, came the sound of a little bell, and then, as all heads bent in adoration, we received the blessing of Christ the King, Saviour of the World.

"Deus vult," "God wills it," is the motto of the Students' Mission Crusade. Yes, surely God wills it. Catholic students, may your work as Crusaders carry you ever onwards, until you see the walls of the great White Jerusalem gleaming in the sunlight, and entering within its gates you approach your King and lay a conquered world at His Feet.

M. L. M.

Character is built on self-denial. We ought to acquire the healthy habit of stiffening our wills every day by at least one act of mortification.

OPEN YOUR HEART TO THE CRIES OF THOSE WHO SUFFER.



Chinese School Boys.

APOSTOLATE OF SUFFERING FOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The "Unione Missionaria del Clero" of Rome has organized an Apostolate of Suffering for the Catholic Missions. On Pentecost Sunday more than 7,000 inmates of the public and private hospitals of the City offered their sufferings in union with the sufferings of Christ for the conversion of the Pagan World. An album has been made for presentation to the Pope containing not alone the signatures of the sufferers, but also the expression of their intimate thoughts and desires, their willingness to suffer for the cause of Christ, the surrender of their lives should God so will it, for the success of the missionaries. It was anticipated that only a few spiritual souls would co-operate; as a matter of fact the signatures include all sorts and conditions of men, peasants, workmen, professors, diplomats, aristocrats, and even one poet, who lay in the "Polyclinico" and wrote a special poem for the occasion.

A NEW JAPANESE ORDER.

The nucleus of a new religious body, "The Congregation of Our Lady of Japan," has been found in Tokyo in the person of two young native women by a Maryknoll Sister at present engaged in studying Japanese for work among the Japanese of Dairen, Manchuria. The young women, both natives of Nagasaki, the Catholic stronghold of Japan, and the Episcopal city of the country's first native-born Catholic Bishop, have sailed for France, where they will enter the Novitiate of the Mesdames of the Sacred Heart, and there train for the future work of their new Order, which will devote itself principally to teaching. The new congregation will be the first of its kind in the Empire.

75 CHINESE ORDAINED IN A YEAR, AND 921 ARE STUDYING IN SENIOR SEMINARIES.

Statistics issued by the Apostolic Delegation show that between June, 1929, and June, 1930, the number of Chinese priests rose from 1,371 to 1,446 — an increase of 75.

Foreign priests increased by 81 to 2,092, and the total Catholic population increased from 2,472,619 to 2,490,392, — a gain of 17,773.

Actually there were 50,109 converts, but the increase was reduced by deaths and migrations. In the previous year converts numbered 47,637.

Here are the figures for the young Chinese study-

ing to become priests: Those in the preparatory seminaries totalling 1,463 (as against 1,462 in 1929); those in the minor seminaries totalling 2,745 (as against 2,465 in 1929); and those in the major seminaries totalling 921 (as against 838 in 1929). The total increase in students for the priesthood is thus 364.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES NUMBER 46,170.

Official statistics given at the Missionary Pavilion at the Colonial Exhibition in Paris show that there are 46,170 Catholic missionaries working in various parts of the world. This number is made up of 12,959 priests, 5,112 Brothers and 28,099 Sisters. Of these, 4,304 priests, 1,315 Brothers and 11,399 Sisters are native missionaries. Three thousand and eight hundred and fifty-two of the missionaries have been working in the Apostolate for more than thirty years.

FINAL PROFESSION.

(Continued from p. 4) is for Thee"—and then, with eager desire, the Sisters go to meet their Spouse and King.

The Mass ends, and the Archbishop turns to the congregation, and then one by one those Sisters who are to renew Holy Vows for another year go up to the altar, and on their knees repeat the words which bind them again to the Master's Service.

At last the solemn moment arrives. The "Veni Sancte Spiritus" is sung, calling upon the Holy Ghost to enlighten, direct and guide, and then the eight Sisters who are to make Per-

petual Vows kneel in a semi-circle at the foot of the altar and pronounce the words which make them Spouses of Christ — forever!

"Te Deum Laudamus"—As a grand finale these words break forth. We praise Thee, O God, and we thank Thee for the great things Thou hast done for us to-day.

The following Sisters had the happiness of pronouncing Final Vows: Sister Florence Regan (Toronto), Sister Catherine Donnelly (Alliston, Ont.), Sister Mary Burke (Ireland), Sister Kathleen Schenck (St. Catharines), Sister Catherine Wymbs (Winnipeg), Sister Margaret Guest (Johnville, N.B.), Sister Carmel Egan (Ottawa).

The following renewed their vows for another year: Sister Monica Meade (Ottawa), Sister Margaret O'Hare (Renfrew), Sister M. Fitzmaurice (St. Rose de Lac, Man.), Sister Margaret Muldoon (Montreal).



In China they love the "Little Flower."

LET US HELP "TO HAVE THE GOSPEL PREACHED TO THE POOR."

Young Peoples' Page



Attention, Young People!

My dear Young People:

Greetings to you all! Summer is now over, and by this time you will be back at school again. I can see you all buried in your books, but . . . cheer up! It will soon be Christmas!

And now to business. We want more Young Missionaries. Lots of them. Big ones and little ones, boys and girls, Westerners and Easterners, Canadians, New Canadians, and our friends across the Border. Age limit? Well, there really isn't one. We welcome Young Missionaries of five, six, seven and upwards, and if they want to come at seventy-seven — well, we won't mind. All that is necessary is good will by the ton, and a real honest - to - goodness desire to extend the reign of

Christ the King on this earth.

So come along, little and big, and bring your friends and class mates too. Fill in the form at the bottom of the page, or, if there are several together, just write your names and addresses, very clearly please, on a sheet of paper, and send it in to The Captain. The owner of each name will then receive one of our beautiful new membership cards, and a letter from the Captain.

So hurry up, please, and let's have a grand army before the Feast of Christ the King.

Good-bye.

THE CAPTAIN,
Y. M. C. K.

*I wish to be a Young Missionary of
Christ the King.*

.....
Name. (Please write in ink).

.....
Address.

*Cut this out and mail it to The Captain,
C-o Field at Home,
2 Wellesley Place,
Toronto, Ont.*

If you wish for a Badge, enclose 25c.

WELCOME!

We wish to say a word of welcome to those Young Missionaries who joined our ranks this summer. They came from East and West, and even across the Border.

OUR NEW BADGES.

We have now in stock a supply of the new Y.M.C.K. official badge. These badges, or buttons, are beautifully colored, and bear on them the letters Y.M.C.K., also our motto: "All for Thee, O Christ the King."

They cost 25c, and may be obtained from The Captain, 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, Ont. We would like to see every boy and girl wearing one.

THREE DATES TO BE REMEMBERED.

October 3rd is the Feast of the Little Flower of Jesus, who is, as you all know, one of the patronesses of the Y.M.C.K. The life of this little Saint of our own times was not marked by extraordinary things, but she did the ordinary things as perfectly as possible, and all for the love of God. If we did that we could be saints too; so you see, to be a saint is nothing impossible; in fact it wouldn't be hard at all if we only loved God enough. Let us ask Little Therese to help us to love God very much, so that one day we may be saints too. Perhaps not canonized saints, but little unknown Saints of God.

MISSION SUNDAY.

October 18th., is Mission Sunday, a day when all Young Missionaries should stand to attention and be ready to do something that costs for the Missions.

What can we do? Well, first, prayer. Everyone can pray, so on this day offer your Mass and Holy Communion for the Missions, and say some little extra prayer for the Missionaries.

Secondly. Sacrifice. Do something to-day you don't like, or give up something you do like, and offer it up for Missionaries. It is surprising how many opportunities arise during the day for sacrifices. Hold on to them, Young Missionaries, and don't let them go. They are worth their weight in gold for the Missions.

Thirdly. Almsgiving. Special collections are taken up in the Churches on Mission Sunday. Why not save up your nickels and dimes and give them as a personal offering — a gift from a little Missionary to a big Missionary labouring in the Mission Field.

We want to make Mission Sunday a grand and glorious success — a success that will be noted, not in the papers of this world, but in the Annals of Heaven. When that recording takes place, let us make sure that there are the names of some Young Missionaries of Christ the King on the Roll.

FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING.

Sunday, October 25, is the Feast of Christ the King, and therefore a great day for all Young Missionaries. Let us to-day renew our Act of Consecration to Our King, and beg of Him to come and reign over our hearts, and over the hearts of all men.

HE LIVES MOST WHO LIVES MOST FOR OTHERS

THINGS A YOUNG MISSIONARY CAN DO.

We have been asked to suggest things that a Young Missionary can do. We are now offering a few suggestions:—

1. Form a Circle or Group among your friends or in your school. The purpose of this Circle could be twofold:

Personal study, or reading of Religious Subjects, with the end in view of gaining practical knowledge which will help you in Missionary work. For this we would recommend the reading of such books as the Question Box, Catholic Action, or one of the many books dealing with Missionary subjects. The Captain will be pleased to supply the names of suitable books. At a weekly or monthly meeting these books could be discussed. A Circle of this kind was carried out very successfully in the West by a group of boys and girls attending public schools. Under the leadership of a boy of sixteen they met together, studied, and organized various social activities. With the proceeds of a little concert this Circle bought their Badges, and also several books and pamphlets, in order to form a small Circulating Library for use of members. Besides a leader, a treasurer and secretary were chosen. The treasurer looked after the money taken in, and the secretary kept an account of all that was done by that Circle of Young Missionaries, and sent in regular reports to the Captain. We may add here that this particular Circle did real Missionary work from the very start, for the older members gathered together the little ones and taught them their Catechism.

2. Practical help for the Missions.

a. Little entertainments could be staged, a small fee charged for admission, and the proceeds used for obtaining badges, or sent direct to the Missions.

b. Catholic magazines and papers could be collected, also good books. These are very much appreciated on the Missions. The Captain will be glad to supply the addresses to which they are to be forwarded.

c. Used stamps, especially foreign ones, are needed on the Missions. The address to where these stamps could be sent will be given on application.

d. Old linen could be collected and made into bandages. Baby clothes could be made. These things are very useful in Mission Hospitals.

e. Ask your friends for discarded clothing. Wash the articles received and mend them, and send them out to some of the poor Missions in the West. These things will be a perfect Godsend. Again, the Captain will be delighted to give an address to where these articles may be sent.

f. Toys could be made or collected to be sent out to the Missions for Christmas. This gives an opportunity to both boys and girls. If you care to write to the Captain for further information on this subject, he will be glad to make suggestions.



HE THAT DOES GOOD TO ANOTHER DOES GOOD TO HIMSELF.—SENECA.

g. Send for a Dime Saver or Mite Box, and see how soon you can fill it.

Now these are only a few ideas, but from them you will see there are many things you could do. And now there's one more, and that is, I want you all to put on your thinking caps and think of some other things a Young Missionary could do to help the Missions. When you have thought, write out your suggestion and send it to the Captain.

Every suggestion will receive

A PRIZE!

SEVENTEEN!

Seventeen is a heroic age — the age when a boy or girl dreams of a glorious future.

There have been heroes of seventeen, and one now comes to mind — a young Mexican boy who at seventeen gave his life for the Faith. His name was Emmanuel Melgarejo, and he was arrested in Mexico only a few years ago for carrying on religious propaganda. He was doing what our Young Missionaries of Christ the King are doing, helping to spread the Faith, and to keep it alive in a country where the open practise of religion meant death. Soldiers came to him and ordered him to honour the President who was persecuting the Church. "Shout, long live Calles!" they said, but he cried out loud and fearlessly: "Long Live Christ the King." The soldiers then cut out his tongue — that tongue whose last action had been a salute to Christ the King — and then they shot him.

Many of our Young Missionaries are now seventeen, or are nearing that age, and thoughts of the future are running through their minds. But there is one thought that should predominate, and that is: "I am going to be, above all, a real and true Catholic." Show others that the Catholic Faith which the young Mexican lad died for, is not merely a Sunday affair, but a vital influence in your life. A day will come when you, too, will have to confess your Faith openly by refusing to sacrifice a principle which Catholics hold dear. Prepare yourselves now for time by being fearless, loyal Catholics. Learn all you can about the glorious Faith you possess — a Faith for which countless martyrs have died, — for with greater knowledge will come greater love and appreciation.

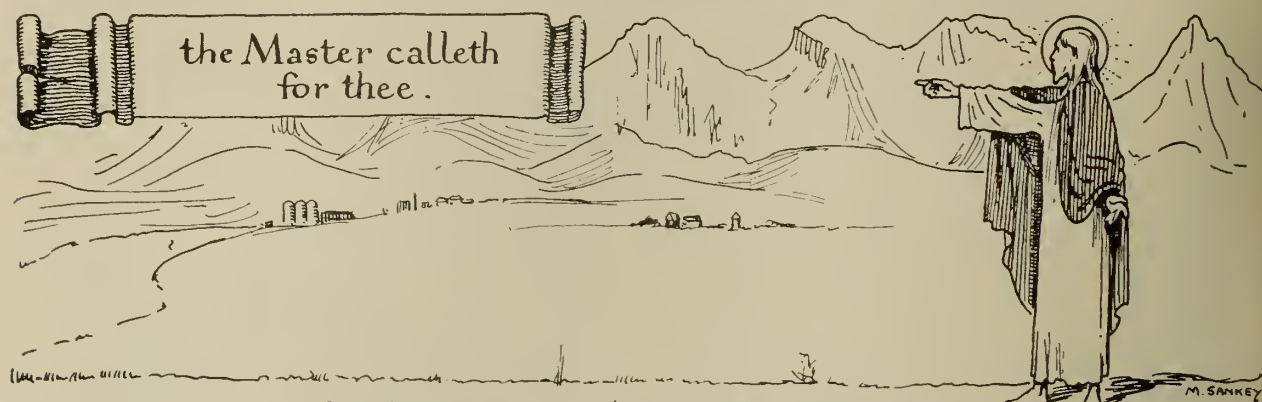
NOTICE.

Miss Margaret Deakin, a Y.M.C.K. from Quebec, would like to correspond with other Young Missionaries, and has promised to answer all letters received. Who would like to write to Margaret? All letters should be sent to her, care of The Captain, 2 Wellesley Place, Toronto, and they will be immediately forwarded. We may add that Margaret Deakin is fourteen years of age, and is in Grade VII. at school.

HE IS WAITING.

He is waiting, little children,
For your voices soft and low,
For your words of whispered greeting,
That like perfumed zephyrs blow.
And His Heart is sad and lone,
On His silent altar-throne:
He is waiting.

Happy youth, thy King is waiting;
Tell Him thou wilt faithful be.
Through the lonely years He's waited,
Yearning lovingly for thee.
Pledge thy troth, O joyous youth,
To the Life, the Light, the Truth:
He is waiting.



VOCATIONS

Questions Answered

*"I have six honest serving men
Who taught me all I knew.
Their names are, What and why,
And when and how, and where
and who."*

—Kipling.

WHAT?—What does it mean to be a Missionary? It means to be a soul consecrated to God. One who has had a vision — a dream of high romance in God's service; one who has followed that vision as a guiding star; one whose whole life is spent for others. One who can look forward to a reward exceeding great in Heaven.

Why?—Because some nineteen hundred years ago Our Blessed Lord, with a vision of souls before His Eyes, pointed to the fields ripe for the harvest, and uttered these memorable words, which have rung down the centuries and found echo in the hearts of apostles: "The harvest indeed is great . . . the labourers few . . ." And with this vision of Our Blessed Lord ever before them, and His Voice as a clarion call leading them on, missionaries have gone forth in every age to labour — to give even of their hearts' blood to win souls for Christ.

A GIRL'S DAILY PRAYER FOR A RELIGIOUS VOCATION.

O dearest Jesus, my best of Friends, Thou dost love me with an ocean of love. For me Thou didst come from Heaven to become a little Child in Bethlehem; for me Thou didst pour out Thy Sacred Blood on the Cross; for me Thou dost remain night and day in the little Tabernacle to be my Food, my Sacrifice and my Companion. Sweet Jesus, I wish to love Thee very much in return. I desire one day to choose the "Better Part" and to serve Thee as a Nun. Help me, then, to keep my soul holy and pure. Aid me to love prayer and to receive Thee often in Holy Communion.

Mary, my dear Mother, who at a very early age didst leave thy parents to give thyself to God in the Temple obtain for me a Religious Vocation.

St. Therese, God's Little Flower, grant me this great grace.

When?—From the days of the Apostles until our times a continuous cry has gone up to Heaven from countless thousands "Save our Souls." They called then, and the cry grows even more persistent as the forces of evil are let loose on a Godless world. Souls are being lost. They need help — now.

How?—What is this to me, you ask. How can I help? Young reader, pause and reflect. Is it nothing to you that souls are wandering as sheep without a shepherd? Think of the words of Christ. Think of the needs of today, and answer for yourself the question: How can I help?

Where? — "Look at big maps." The world, with its three hundred million pagans, who have never heard the Name of Christ. Our own dear country, where Catholics, with the blood of martyrs flowing through their veins, are being lost to the Church. A glorious mission field awaits you, as vast as the world itself. The work of saving souls knows no bounds.

Who?—Who is Christ calling to share in the salvation of souls? Stop a moment and think, gentle reader. Perhaps it is—Y O U .

M. L. M.

WHEN YOU CAN DO GREAT THINGS, WHY BUSY YOURSELF WITH TRIFLES? — FATHER PALAU, S.J.

CANADIANA



No East — no West....just Canada.

THE GATEWAY OF THE WEST

THE rise of Winnipeg from an isolated fort in a wilderness to a trading post in the midst of pioneer settlements, and finally into a great city, the distributing centre for a territory extending from the International boundary to the Arctic Ocean, and from the Rockies to Hudson Bay, is one of the romances of the development of the Canadian West.'—C.P.R. Bulletin.

These words fittingly describe the historical and topographical characteristics of our great "Gateway to the West," which sixty years ago was but a small frontier settlement.

Before the coming of the railroads some few decades ago, one approached Winnipeg by way of a flat bottomed boat, canoe, or the lumbering Red River cart; now the traveller from the East speeds along in a de Luxe train through rocky country north of Lake Superior, across rolling Prairie, until the great Prairie City is reached. There is a certain attraction about all Western cities — it may be their vastness and openness and the spirit of friendliness and good will that pervades among the Westerners, or it may be the signs of progress that are everywhere evident.

The West is, as it were, standing on tip-toe reaching upwards and outwards, and there is a spirit of optimism which is invigorating and unconsciously leads on to better things.

Winnipeg is a city of many tongues, and walking down



Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Courtesy, C.P.R.

Portage Avenue or Main Street one meets inhabitants of most of the European countries who have come to the Canadian West to seek their fortunes, and their presence has earned for Winnipeg the reputation of being the most cosmopolitan city in Canada.

Winnipeg, too, is a city of religious progress. From the time

of the first Fort Garry Mission to the present beautiful Cathedral, with its twelve surrounding parishes and its numerous Catholic Institutions, is only a short span, yet it marks an era of splendid achievement. Winnipeg, and St. Boniface across the river, have been particularly fortunate in that their leaders and pioneers in the Religious life have been men of action. From the time of the early Oblate Fathers, whose names are written indelibly in the history of our country, to the present religious leaders, the Church has gone steadily forward. There have been struggles and set-backs, but when its final history is written it will be a story of virile progress.

So we, who believe in the future of Canada, and who have seen the progress made in the last few decades, may look forward with confidence to a bright future. The Twenties marked a decade of unusual growth, but that was but a foretaste of that which will take place during the Thirties and Forties. Let us, therefore, look ahead.

If you would be loved as a companion avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live.

CHARITY IS NOT A MATTER OF CHOICE, IT IS AN OBLIGATION OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CATHOLIC CHILDREN OF THE PRAIRIES
BROADCASTING*Sunshine of the West.***LISTEN, FOLKS—WE ARE WORRIED!**

The West gives us sunshine, good food, a playground second to none, with fresh air in plenty, everything in fact that should help us grow up wholesome, "thinking" men and women.

But this is our point; we have souls, too—haven't we? Been baptized Catholics and as such have to make Heaven some day—but how?

For the most part we attend Public School—No other. We hear Mass in a house—every three or four months—no priests. Should we want to go to confession we have—to wait, even when sick or frightened—live so far away.

Most we hear about God, we learn from Bible Students and other preachers who pass through in the summer season. . .

Our parents? Sure they try hard to help us, but the difficulty is, most of them are Old Country born, speak a different mother tongue, and have different customs. Do you wonder they fret as they watch us grow up . . . thus.

Do you wonder if the Church frets . . . still more . . . for our name is "THOUSANDS."

In the outlying lonely districts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and the mountain valleys of British Columbia . . . you will find us everywhere.

So, folks, build up your fine city parishes and churches . . . we are surely proud of you and them . . . but in your activities for God . . . you won't forget us, His Little Ones . . . Will you?

We are the sunshine of His Heart . . . The promise of the future.

We are the Canada of to-morrow.

P. McC.

**"IN PASSING."**

OUR train swayed on, almost the only sign of the age in all that beautiful but sparsely-settled district of British Columbia—almost, but not quite.

Above the mountains, below a valley sun drenched, downhill we trek towards it. At one bend we pass a wayside shack, it's line of washing flapping in the breeze. A woman and some children watching from the doorway, and a man working in the fields beyond.

From the observation car a newspaper shot through the air and landed at the man's feet. The train swayed closer still, near enough to let us catch the glimpse of pleasure that lit up his face, and the friendly handwave of thanks.

Uphill again we then toiled, and from one point of vantage we were able to look down—and smiled to see father, mother and little ones all deeply engrossed in the open pages of the Vancouver Daily—What an advertisement!

Kindly deeds such as this, one often sees duplicated out here in the West, where reading matter is a veritable God-send, especially in far-flung homesteads—breaking, as it does, the utter loneliness.

Think of all the good Catholic literature that is probably scattered around your home, it's use finished—Catholic newspapers and magazines. Think of all the homes where it might bring with it many a happy hour of healthy recreation and instruction—and then re-mail it to—

SISTERS OF SERVICE,

11837 85th Street.

Edmonton, Alberta.

*Enjoying "The Field at Home."*

IF YOU CAN PERFORM NO GOOD ACTIONS DIRECTLY, USE YOUR INFLUENCE AND ALMS—Fr. Palau, S.J.

Do Not Forget

MISSION SUNDAY

OCTOBER 18, 1931



CHRIST THE KING

This day calls for a generous, enthusiastic profession of faith and love for Christ the King and His Kingdom the Catholic Church.

That the Church which He founded upon Peter may win and retain the allegiance of all mankind is the object of the prayers, sacrifices and contributions offered throughout the Catholic World on

Mission Sunday

"I have come to serve"

Sisters of Service

THE Institute of the "SISTERS OF SERVICE" is a missionary society founded for the home-mission field. As CATECHISTS, TEACHERS, NURSES and SOCIAL WORKERS these Sisters dedicate their life to the spiritual and temporal welfare of settlers in the outlying districts of Western Canada.



*Canada
Needs
the
Sisters
of
Service*

*The
Sisters
of
Service
Need
Canada*

Headquarters—2 Wellesley Place, Toronto
Novitiate—60 Glen Road, Toronto

MISSIONS

Halifax, N.S.....	Port Work	Camp Morton, Man.....	2 Schools
Quebec, Que.....	Port Work	Edmonton, Alta.....	Catechetical Centre
Montreal, Que.....	Hostel	Edmonton, Alta.....	Hostel
Toronto, Ont.....	Hostel	Vilna, Alta.....	Hospital and School
Winnipeg, Man.....	Hostel	Edson, Alta.....	Hospital
Vancouver, B.C.....	Hostel		

Correspondence is Invited



